November 5, 1932

Collier's

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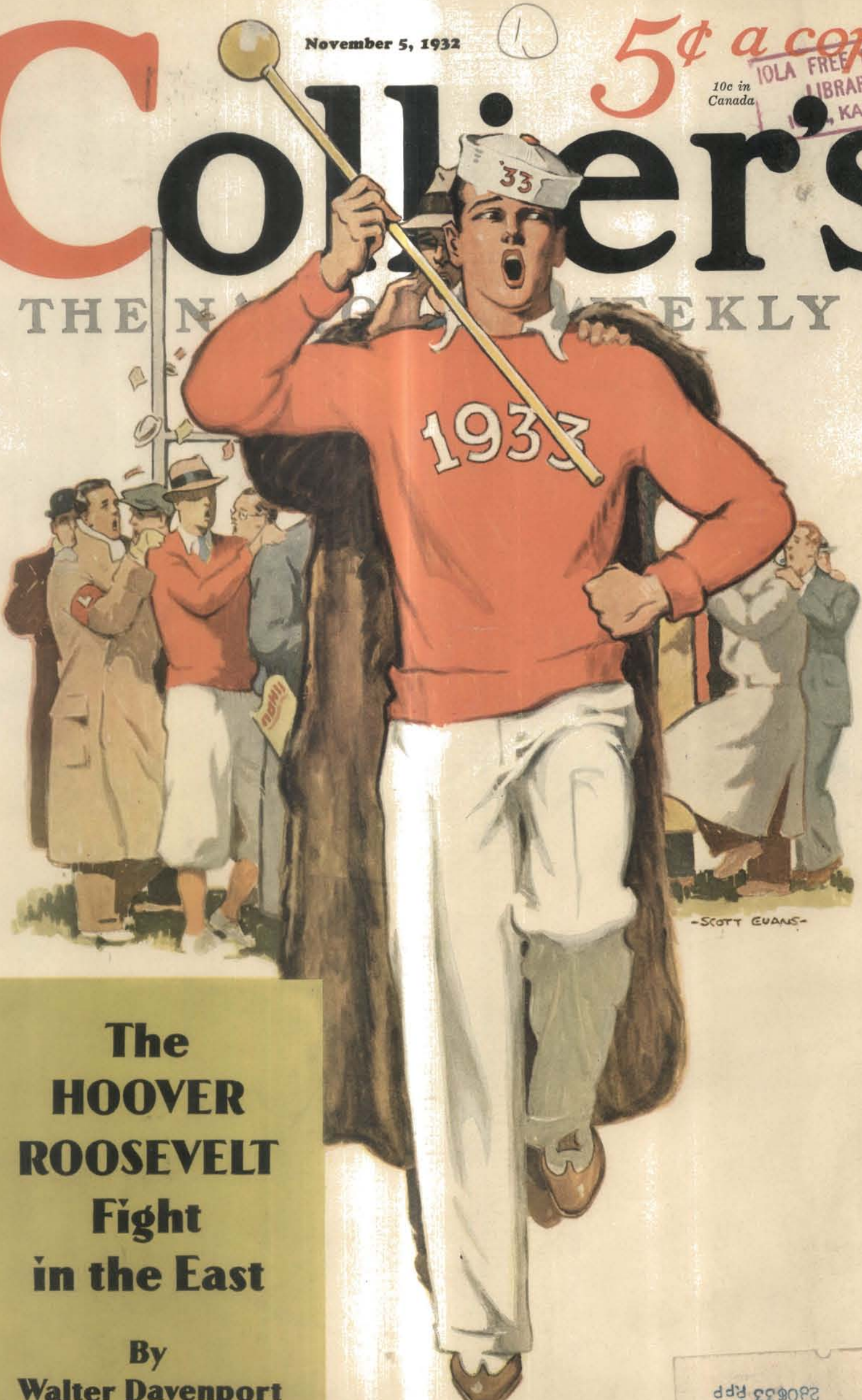
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The HOOVER ROOSEVELT Fight in the East

By Walter Davenport

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Nov. 5. 1932

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Illustrating Eversharp Doric Pen and Pencil set, Kashmir color, $10.00 (formerly $13.50)

"I would much rather have the Eversharp Doric," said 75 out of 100 guests of fashionable Palm Beach hotels to our reporter

"DORIC *is the pen I want,*" say 75 out of 100 guests at Palm Beach

"WHICH do you like best?" we asked one hundred smartly dressed guests at fashionable Palm Beach hotels. "Which pen would you rather have?"

Seventy-five chose the new Eversharp Doric. They saw at once that Doric is a smart, new style—a pen of distinctive beauty that marks other pen designs as decidedly behind the times. So with other tests. Wherever we have asked smart, style-conscious people to choose, the vote goes overwhelmingly to the new Doric.

Eversharp Doric has more than style to recommend it. It is a fine, precision-made writing instrument—*sure to fit the hand of its owner exactly.* For Eversharp pens, and *only* Eversharp pens, have the interchangeable point. If the Eversharp Doric you buy, or receive as a gift, doesn't suit your hand exactly, then any Eversharp dealer can change the point instantly to one that does suit you exactly.

Now it costs no more to own the preferred new Doric style. Doric pens with interchangeable points and unconditionally guaranteed for life, $5 to $8.50. Other new Doric models may be purchased for as little as $3.50. There are matching Doric pencils, priced at $2.50 to $4.00. Round Eversharp pens and pencils cost less.

Pens and Pencils with this seal are unconditionally guaranteed for life

Fourteen points interchangeable instantly. One is sure to fit your handwriting exactly

Try Eversharp Filtered Ink in the NEW Kleen-Fill Bottle that always fills pen without soiling fingers.

And try new *square* Eversharp Red Top Leads. Won't slip or twist. Better lead. Fit any pencil.

EVERSHARP DORIC

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SOUND SLEEP

Tonight... Entirely Without Drugs

No More Night-Time Tossing ... New Energy Tomorrow

ARE you a restless sleeper? Do you often toss and turn for hours before you fall asleep? Or do you wake up in the middle of the night and then find it almost impossible to get back to sleep again?

If so, here's the solution to your problem. A *safe* solution that thousands have adopted largely on physicians' advice.

For scientific research has determined the outstanding reasons for sleeplessness. Has revealed that most sleep troubles are caused by three specific things.

These causes are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest and (3) nervous irritability. And science has also evolved a way of combating all three causes of sleeplessness *at their source.*

You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as soundly as a child. No more waking in the dead of night! No more tossing and "counting sheep."

In the morning, you awaken vastly refreshed —with quiet nerves and a mind that's fresh and clear. Filled with an abundance of new energy that lasts straight through the day.

For this new discovery not only induces sound sleep quickly but acts to *rebuild* nerve and body tissue as you sleep. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover quickly from fatigue.

A Swiss Discovery

The discovery which does this is a delicious food-drink, first discovered in Switzerland—now made over here.

It is called Ovaltine—a concentrate of *natural* food-elements, *entirely free from drugs.*

Taken as a warm drink at bedtime, it acts 3 ways to bring you sound, restful sleep.

First: Ovaltine combats mental over-activity, which often keeps you lying awake and worrying when you're trying to get to sleep. It does this by drawing excess blood away from the head.

Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

See for Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. *Try it and see for yourself.*

See how quickly you fall asleep at night—how much fresher you feel next day.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits you obtain. Note how it builds up and maintains your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night—how vitality multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Or, if you wish, send the coupon (at right) for a generous trial supply.

Mix two to four teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you get into bed. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. And feel like a new person in the morning.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

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180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (This offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

SHARON announced her engagement to Alison Biron Parr the day Bill became chauffeur for Sharon's father. It was a bad combination. Bill, to be sure, had nothing to recommend him: he was just a tall young man with unruly red hair—and he was in love with Sharon. Mr. Parr, on the other hand, was faultless. The perfection of his manner was matched by the perfection of his clothes, and his charm was so habitual and so effective that he exercised it constantly without thinking. Sometimes it almost made you sick to watch him.

He was very good at explaining, too. There was hardly anything he couldn't explain away. But he tried it once too often. And that was a break for Bill. It made Sharon realize that "You Can't Marry an Alibi." Ruth Burr Sanborn tells the story.

ABOUT a year and a half ago a gypsy industry sprang up in this country. It was made possible by the motor truck and by the fact that Connecticut and, to some extent, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are without adequate anti-sweatshop laws. It took advantage of a widespread hunger for jobs to exploit women and girls. These victims of the new sweatshop were worked mercilessly and when payday came, if it came at all, they were given almost nothing. William G. Shepherd exposes the workings of these fly-by-night sweatshops in "Robbing the Working Girl."

THAT'S not the only soeiological phenomenon we have to offer. John B. Kennedy, indefatigable investigator of folk ways, takes you to a modern burlesque show. It's a "Revised Version" and noticeably lighter in tone and costume than burlesque in the great days of Weber and Fields. It's so light as to have attracted occasional notice from police and public officials. In fact, it has been very well advertised indeed.

"PROFESSORS," said Mr. Woodbridge, "may be all right in their place, though I doubt it. But their place is not being my son-in-law." So he put his four daughters on an island off the Maine coast and sent Spike O'Donnell from Chicago to shoo all professors away. These precautions were, of course, inadequate; but—as Lucian Cary pertinently inquires—"What Can a Father Do?"

WALLACE IRWIN contributes the short short story. Detective O'Malley scores again. Don Marquis, Clinton W. Gilbert, Arthur Somers Roche, Zane Grey and others combine wit and wisdom. Thus making the merriment complete.

This Week

●

November 5, 1932

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Too Many Wives. **The incredible romance of a much-married actor. Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Hoover-Roosevelt Fight in the East. **How the tide sets and why. Page 10**

GEORGE CREEL
Not All Romance. **What can a husband do? Page 12**

BARRY WOOD
Monday Morning Quarterbacks. **They're infallible—after the game. Page 14**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Great Abduction, Part V. **The incomprehensible behavior of Myrna Dale. Page 16**

ZANE GREY
Thunder Mountain, Part III. **Adventure on the trail. Page 18**

OWEN P. WHITE
The Same Old Fight. **Ella Boole talks about temperance. Page 19**

S. B. H. HURST
The Hard Case. **Storm at sea. Page 20**

GEORGE F. WORTS
Three Little Words. **The début of a roughneck. Page 22**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Personal Affair, **by Frederick Skerry. Page 24**

DON MARQUIS
As a Man Thinketh. **As the Old Soak thinks, to be specific. Page 27**

THE "WRITE YOUR OWN" AWARDS Page 34

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Factual gems. Page 37**

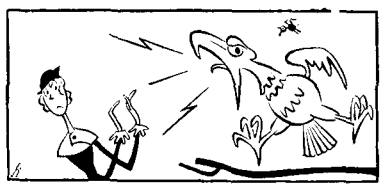
EDITORIAL
The Law That Went Wrong. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

"I'LL bet," sniffs Miss Laura Bernhardt of Bangor, Maine, "that you're the kind of editor that keeps his derby hat on in the office."

OF course we're nothing of the sort. We don't own a derby hat. But if we did we'd remove it to Mrs. George Sherwood of Canon City, Colo., who notifies us that she is "one of those sentimental halfwits who used to get a lump in the throat when I heard the American eagle scream, but I'm getting awfully tired of hearing him scream his head off so often about nothing."



WE prescribe patience for Mr. Walter Henry Hallowell of New York City. He wants to know when he may expect more "of my favorite one-syllable author — Damon Runyon."

AND tolerance for Mr. Ben McClurg of Reno, Nev., who says that he "came very near losing control not long ago and going out and killing a few carloads of fatheads on general principles, but discovered just in time that I was an oozy specimen myself."

BUT a nice cold bath for Mr. Morton H. Clover of Norfolk, Va., who writes that "after looking the whole situation over I can't see any excuse for going on living."

UNITED STATES SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG of Michigan charges us with having "performed a real public service in printing the admirable article by Mr. John T. Flynn—'Polishing Up the Cross of Gold.' I wish every citizen of the United States might read it."

MR. J. B. BINLEY of Little Rock, Ark., dropped everything to protest that in the copy of Collier's he was reading two of our fiction heroes were named Barry. "A sick name, as badly overplayed as Keith was formerly," protested Mr. Binley. "What's the matter with naming them regular—like Tom, Jim and the like? We might even stand for Basil Harcourt for the hero and Ralph Hemingway for the villain. But this Barry stuff tears me limb from limb."

"HOORAY, hooray," cries Miss Lou Christian of Laredo, Texas, apropos of something, "a car in every pot and two chickens in every garage."

AND here's a touching one from Mr. Vernon R. Matzler of Chicago, who tells of the advice a friend of his gave to a son about to fare forth to make his way in the world: "Work hard, my boy, and think big. Be an Insull. Then Congress will investigate you and that part of the public that isn't completely confused will be your eternal friends."

"BUT the danger of laying up treasure in heaven," says Mr. Louis Drumheller of Lincoln, Neb., "lies in the trouble you would probably have in getting in to get it when you need it."

GOVERNOR JULIUS L. MEIER of Oregon protests a recent statement in our pages that "conveys the impression that I am antagonistic to the candidacy of President Hoover." We did not get that impression. However, we greatly regret having embarrassed the governor.

"I THOUGHT," writes Mr. J. L. Stynor of Magnolia, Iowa, "I heard something a couple of years ago or so how they were going to change the size of dollar bills, making them smaller. Did they or didn't they?"

READING in his newspaper that the demand for education has increased during the depression, Mr. Irving K. Felder of Indianapolis wants to know whether that is a "determination on the part of the public to find out what we have learned from this one."

"ABOUT the most you can expect of a statesman these days," sighs Dr. Morgan Donnellan of Philadelphia, Pa., "is that he be amusing."

AND here's one from a sturdy and fearless gentleman who signs himself The Invisible Hand—may he become more so. He warns us that he is a member of "an organization who can take care of snakes like you," but neglects, alas, to tell us why we are to be taken care of and how.

"IN a recent trip through the South," writes Mr. John H. Binford of St. Paul, Minn., "I found that the population is about half and half — half black and half blue."

SO don't hesitate to bring your troubles to old Doc Collier's Any Week Clinic.

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I am interested in planning a Thrift Program and shall be glad to have the advice of a Metropolitan Field-Man.
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MANY young fathers are not able to start extensive thrift programs for their families. But almost all of them are able to take the first step toward making constructive financial plans—in a modest way.

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT • • • ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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"One minute to play!"

··and you're right beside Ted Husing with a PHILCO

"They're coming out of the huddle and lining up. It's a new formation. Well, they'll have to work fast. It's down to seconds now. There goes the ball—and THERE HE GOES! It's that back with the tricky little side-step—the boy who gives them one foot and then takes it away. He dodges one tackler—another—*and* another. A nice gain but here's the lad who will stop him. *NO!* He spins around—melts away from the last tackler and he's all clear! What a run! He's made the twenty-yard line and still he goes. He's crossing the ten. Now just five to go. He's over! It's a touchdown! Hear that crowd go wild!"

Ted Husing on the air, ladies and gentlemen. Bringing you a big football game. Rapid-fire reporting under trying conditions. Bands playing, blustery winds, a roar from fifty thousand throats as the scoring play starts. That's one of the times you'll be glad to be listening to PHILCO.

If the announcer's voice registers at all—if the radio station can put even a whisper of what he is saying on the air—you'll hear it with PHILCO.

A nearby dealer will be happy to show and demonstrate PHILCO—the only radio that is scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

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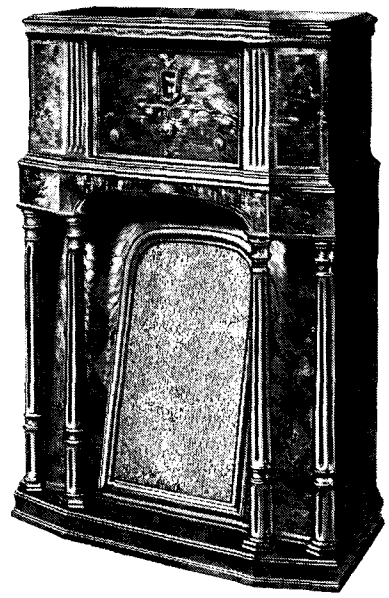
A musical instrument of quality



PHILCO MODEL 15X, shown above, $150 Tax Paid—PATENTED—Contains every worthwhile radio improvement—many exclusively PHILCO. Musicians, especially, appreciate the following scientific points of superiority:—1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone.

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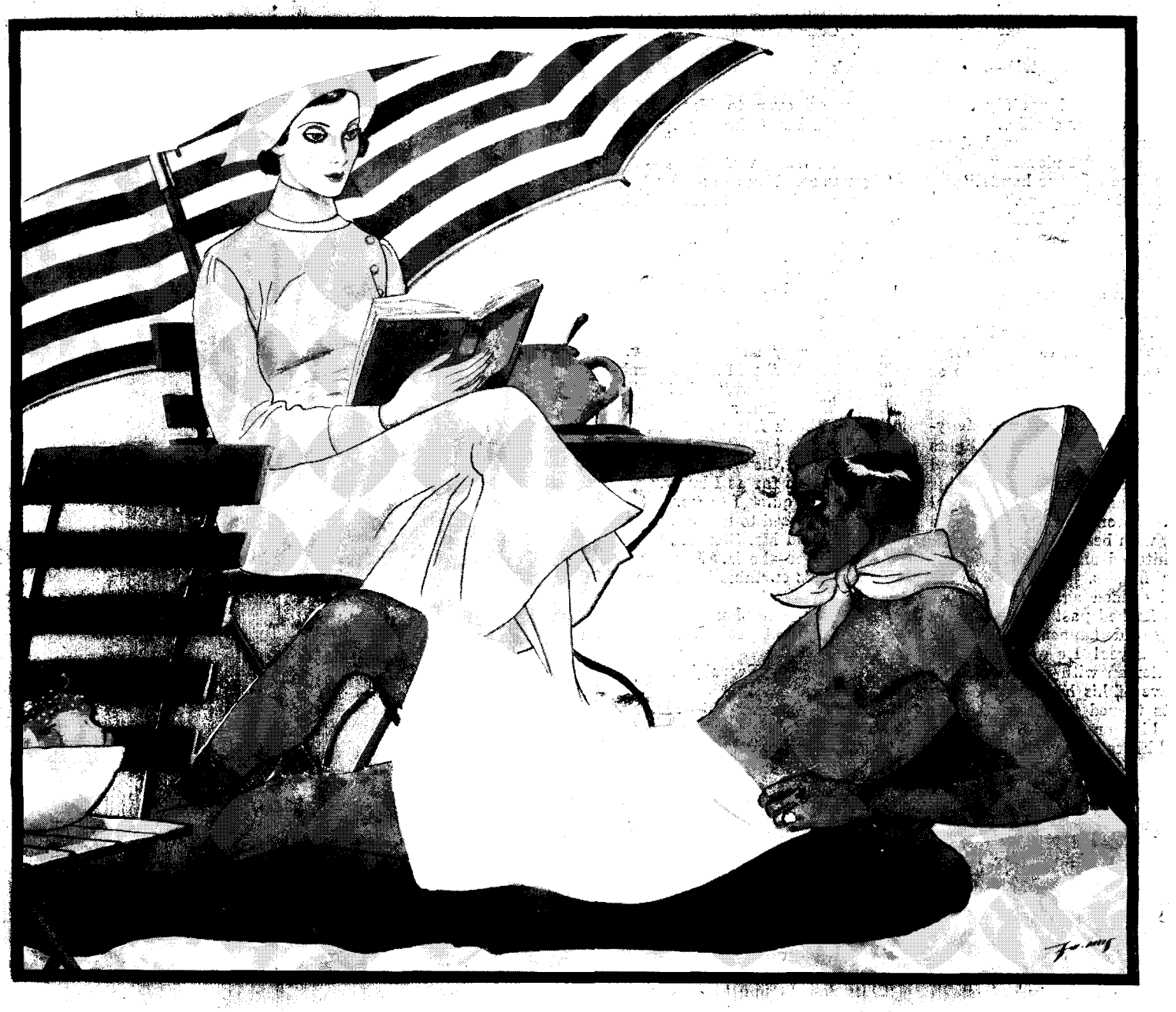

Miss Doran, by request, read to him under a beach umbrella

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

Too Many Wives

By James Warner Bellah

The latest romance of Derek Vane, a finished actor—and a highly polished husband

SAM ROMPFF chewed his cigar. Vic Schmick chewed gum. Hymie Feineman chewed his fingers. Silence hung golden in the black walnut conference-room of United Productions for a brief moment.

"You guys always talk detail," said Sam. "Am I hiring you to take care of detail? It's simple. We gotta follow Hearts of Fire quick. Where would I be if I got mixed up with detail? Did I do it? Did I know that cluck Vane would go over so big? Am I the New York end of United? What have I got you two guys for—if I can't tell you what I gotta have and you do it? Heh? Tell me that.

"Now look, we ain't got a story and we ain't got a title—what's that? Nothing but detail, see? We got Vane and we got Fay—that's the goof interest from Hearts. We use them and we tell a story about a young fella and a girl with a big sequence in it about maybe where he's a fireman and gets hurt in a fire or where he's in the air mail and gets lost in the mountains—say—that's a swell idea, heh? Look—he gets lost and she's gonna marry the other guy and then we find him.

"Say—wait a minit— I'm gettin' somethin' big, fellas—wait a minit. Get this now—wait a minit, it's got scope and depth—he gets lost and she's gonna marry the other guy, see, and then we find him, see? He gets lost in the mountains, see? How's that? Heh? How's that? You could work up something before that for a complication—see, Vic, and we could call it, maybe Flaming Hearts — see the tie-up? Derek Vane in Flaming Hearts—see? Hearts of Fire, see?"

"Vane's finished his last picture for this year," said Vic Schmick.

"Do I care—have I got a clause on him for nothing? He's gotta do another if I want him, don't he?"

"The story's punk," said Feineman. "It just ain't."

"You should tell me," said Sam. "Am I a writer?"

"And the title's too close."

"Say—you guys can think of objections—can't you think of nothing constructive?"

Vic Schmick scratched his ear.

"Gimme a day or two—"

Sam Rompff shook his head.

"NO TIME— I wired New York we was in production on it—shooting—and we are—that's all."

"But with no title and no story, Sam?"

"The publicity department's got it, too. Where would United be today if somebody didn't push things through? We got a cast and Hymie's directing—get goin' now. I know it's short notice but get goin' and let me know how it comes. That's all."

Hymie Feineman and Vic Schmick stood on the cement pathway outside of Rompff's offices and stared at each other.

Vic shook his head.

"I dunno," he said. "We gotta do it, but how?"

Hymie looked at him.

"Am I the scenario department?"

"Did you ever make a story like we bought it?"

"Have I got my own rep to think of? Should I make the stories like you buy?"

"Well, make up your own now. It's your big chance."

"If I had one idear—I should waste time talking to you and Sam?"

Vic frowned. "Look, Hymie—let's not start fighting. We got lots of time for that later. Let's start workin' together. Get Vane down here for a conference. We'll have a conference right away, see? And I gotta 'nother idea—see? Lipsner's been tryin' to sell me this novelist Harrison who adapted Sunshine—I'll get him down and maybe I can slip an idea outa him. And maybe we can use that sequence we cut outa The Night Bird—the one where the two planes crashed before we changed the plot—"

Hymie shook his head.

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"I'm going to lunch."

"Cheer up—it ain't so bad—we'll get Vane down and have a conference—"

Doctor Finlayson put his stethoscope on his desk.

"Been hitting it up lately—haven't you?"

Derek Vane smiled languidly as he drew on his white flannel shirt.

"A bit, I suppose. They rushed me lately to finish my last picture."

"Got some time on your hands?"

"Until the first of the year."

"Take it easy then. You've got a place here that might be a spot if you kept on. Go easy on cigarettes and drink. Get plenty of sleep and go away if you can—for a change."

"Nothing serious?"

"Everything is serious if you let it go on—but there's nothing to worry about if you take care of yourself for two or three months. Remember that."

THE red Superba moaned up Hollywood Boulevard. At Vine the lights were against it. Derek's eyes wavered from the rear of the car in front to his own capable hands upon the wheel before him. Strong and brown those hands were, with beautifully hard muscle pads whitened slightly by the tension of his fingers. His eyes closed quickly and opened again to face his world as it flashed past him. If anything really did happen, they must never know—never! He would go as a gallant gentleman with a smile and a farewell wave of his hand.

The lights turned to green and the bell tolled him onward. He passed Henry's and his tailor's without a backward glance. His bank next and Warner Brothers' Theater. Onward and out, flashing by the Roosevelt and Grauman's Chinese, turning to the right and wending his way into the hills to his lair, El Profundo. He garaged the Superba carefully and let his hand rest on the shining flank for a moment ere he left it.

Ito heard his step in the hallway. There was a brief pause, necessary for Ito to pull an ice tray from the box, to dump it into a silver pail, to place a bottle and a blue siphon upon a small tray, to hook his high, white jacket collar.

"No." Derek shook his head. "No, Ito."

"No?" Ito looked at the tray.

"No," said Derek. He flung himself headlong into a chair. "I am not well, Ito—I have been to the doctor. I must—I must take a rest. You are my servant—you are privileged to see things which you will not talk about—I—"

MISS DORIS KELLY, who sat at the outer desk in white, from nine to five, in Doctor Raphael Finlayson's private clinic, picked at her chicken salad.

"Yeah. He isn't as good-looking as he is on the screen. I hardly knew him at first. Except for the clothes. He dresses gorgeously."

"I see him once in a while," said Mr. Tommy Cohen. "We had him on the lot for Hell's Wages. What's wrong with him?"

"Dunno," said Miss Kelly. "He was inside for half an hour with the doctor. I suppose he needs a rest. It beats everything how people will pay fifty dollars just to be told to take a rest."

"Don't it?" said Mr. Cohen. "Ice cream? I gotta get back early today."

Mr. Lafe Storov pushed open the door of the publicity office.

"Say, Tommy, Miss Merkel brought these in. I guess they b'long here." He put a wire-mesh office basket on top of Mr. Cohen's desk. It was full of letters.

"Derek Vane fan stuff for Hell's Wages."

"They go over to United Productions," said Mr. Cohen. "By the way, he's sick."

"Yeah? Wine, women and—?"

"I guess so. You can send a boy over with these. They go to Miss Prorak at United."

"O. K." Mr. Storov went out and closed the door.

Mr. Storov picked up his telephone.

"Outside," he said. There was a buzz. He dialed a number.

"United," said the telephone.

"Miss Prorak," said Mr. Storov.

"Miss Prorak," said Miss Prorak.

"This is Mr. Storov," said Mr. Storov, "Acme Films. I'm sending over some of Derek Vane's fan mail."

"All right."

"By the way, how is he?"

"All right as far as I know."

"Keeping it quiet, I guess."

"Is he supposed to be sick?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Storov. "Not only supposed to be—he is. I got it pretty straight. It's curtains if he don't take it easy."

"Too bad." The phone clicked.

Mr. Eph Rinkt pressed a button on his desk.

"Get me Miss Prorak," he shouted at his secretary.

Miss Prorak came into Mr. Rinkt's office.

"Say, Martha, them trailers for Hearts of Fire was on that mail plane that come down near Elko." He tapped a telegram on his desk. "We gotta rush duplicates off at once. Can you get 'em out tonight?"

"Yes—I'll try. By the way, I suppose the Vane personal broadcasting is off tonight, isn't it?"

"Why?"

"He's in the hospital."

"No! I didn't hear."

"I don't think he's saying much."

"Does Sam Rompff know it?"

"I guess he must."

"Too bad," said Mr. Rinkt.

THE telephone rang.

Ito answered it.

"Yes, sir." Over his shoulder, "You will speak to Mr. Gubsch, Master?"

"Yes," said Derek. Ito brought the phone across and plugged it into the wall.

"Hello, D. V.—I just heard about it. Eph Rinkt told me. You ain't worrying, are you? That's a boy. My brother Herman had a touch a couple years ago. He went to Albuquerque for six months and he was O. K. You wanna take it easy now and don't worry none. And if there's anything I can do for you, let me know, will ya? Anything at all."

Derek Vane stared at the phone in his hand for a long moment after Mr. Gubsch rang off. With his left hand he wiped a slight film of perspiration from his forehead.

The phone rang again as he held it.

"Hello—Derek? I didn't expect to get you. I heard you left for Palm Springs this afternoon. Gee, I'm sorry to hear it, old man. I won't bother you. I just thought if there was anything I could—do— Joe Gubsch told me about it. It's tough luck, old son—but don't worry. A lot of guys have it and get over it. Just keep a stiff lip and in a couple of years you'll be as fit as any of us. Now, good luck, old boy, and the best!"

Mr. Derek Vane stood up with a cold play of nerves prickling the muscles of his back. "Good God! Finlayson—but he wouldn't—he'd tell me—he certainly—"

Again the phone.

"No," said Derek. "Take the message, Ito."

Ito took it and hung up.

"Miss Vivian, Master. She very sorry to hear you sick. Very sorry for you. She say if she can do anything, you let her know."

The doorbell rang. Derek Vane turned toward the sound, then, strength deserting him, he sank again into his chair. Ito was back in a moment with a florist's box and a card. Viciously Derek ripped the card from its envelope:

"So sorry, dear—Alice."

"Ye gods," gasped Mr. Vane, "flowers! Am I dead yet? Answer me, Ito—am I?"

"Very sorry for Master. He not well," said Ito.

DEREK moaned, but again the telephone cut him short.

"Mister Grier, Master."

Charlie Grier was the press agent. Derek took the instrument.

"Hi, Dek," said Charlie. "How much of a story is there in it?"

"I don't—know—what you mean."

"Well, it's all over town, Dek. Do you want it squashed or do you want

"Why shouldn't I be here?

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I've as much right as you have!"

us to make the usual space out of it?"

"Charlie," said Derek, "I've never broadcast my troubles and I shan't do it now."

"No kidding—is it as bad as that?"

"I'm—I'm going away," said Mr. Vane desperately.

"But look here—I mean how sick are you?"

"I'm afraid I'm—pretty sick."

"Aw, gee—I'm sorry, Dek."

"I'm going away, Charlie—quietly and by myself. There are times when a man doesn't care to cause his friends sorrow. I'm a man at a play, Charlie—I can't stay any longer—so I'm slipping away quietly—without any disturbance—"

"I understand, Dek—shall I come up?"

"Please don't— I want to be remem—" Mr. Vane choked. "Good-by, Charlie." Mr. Vane hung up and stared for a long moment into Ito's bland face. Suddenly he came to a decision.

"Ito—you will say nothing to anyone—to anyone, you understand? You are privileged to see things—as my servant—that others do not see. You will not betray my confidence. Nothing, you understand, to anyone. You may pack my things. No—" Derek brushed a hand across his forehead—"not everything. I shall need a dozen shirts—a dozen pair of pajamas, dressing-gown, slippers, toilet kit, two—possibly three—suits only. No evening kit," his voice broke. "Two bags will be enough."

"YOU go 'way, Master?"

"I go," said Derek, "on a long, long journey."

"Ah," said Ito, "to New York?"

"Not to New York."

Mr. Vane filled a glass, raised it and drained it. He stared at it. He smashed it into his fireplace. "*Sic*," said Mr. Vane, "*transit*," said Mr. Vane. The gesture, thought Mr. Vane, was a slick fade-out.

HYMIE FEINEMAN yelled into the telephone:

"How sick is he? Listen—this is Feineman. He's gone away!"

"Very sorry for you, Master," Ito lisped, "but he not tell me where he go."

"Wait a minit!" Feineman capped the mouthpiece with his chubby palm and turned helplessly to Vic Schmick.

"No title—no story—no lead. Vane's sick and left town and they don't know where he is."

Miss Prorak came in with the "in" basket.

"I thought he was in the hospital," she said.

"You couldn't tell us? No!" Schmick rolled his eyes and slapped a helpless hand to his forehead. "Find out his doctor, Hymie."

"Who's his doc?" bawled Feineman into the phone.

"Doctor Finlayson," said Ito.

"Thanks." Hymie rang off. "Well, that's something, anyway. Get me *Finlayson's clinic*, Miss Prorak."

Miss Prorak called the exchange and put in her request.

"Here you are, Mr. Feineman. Just a minute, please—Mr. Feineman calling Dr. Finlayson."

Hymie took the phone again.

"This is Feineman, United Productions. Derek Vane's house tells me he's left town. Where's he gone and what's wrong with him?"

Doctor Finlayson coughed discreetly.

"He was in to see me this morning—he's a bit run down, I should say—nothing serious at all. I advised him to get a change of air. No—I don't know where he's gone. I haven't the faintest idea where he's gone. I told him he needed a rest."

"You let me know if you hear from him, will you?"

"Sure," Dr. Finlayson replied.

"I think," said the first Mrs. Vane above the noise of the drier that soughed warm air through her blond tresses, "that we ought to do something. The poor boy never was responsible—and now, with his health impaired, he may just let himself go."

The second Mrs. Vane motioned for a cigarette. Antoine gave her one, lit it and resumed his shampooing.

"What would you suggest, my dear?" asked the second Mrs. Vane.

"I don't know—I thought perhaps we might get a doctor for him—a doctor who would understand him and who would suggest some quiet place. Finlayson is no good. We might just arrange everything between us."

The second Mrs. Vane looked at the first Mrs. Vane.

"And is he to know we have done this?"

"It can't do any harm. There need be no feeling of sentiment. We are just two good pals standing by a fellow in trouble. I'm sure Derek means nothing to me emotionally any longer—I doubt if he ever did, really—but he's such a child. I mean, if anything serious happened I'd feel terribly guilty if I hadn't stepped forward to help."

"I see," said the second Mrs. Vane. "Well, of course, Derek never did mean much to me. I don't yet know why I married him—but I see your point. We know him, perhaps, better than any other two people in the world—and it's the sporting thing for us to step forward and help him."

"I'm glad you see it my way," said the first Mrs. Vane. "We'll remain in the background—no one need know but ourselves. I've had Ito on the phone and my thought is—"

DEREK VANE turned his Superba over to a bellboy at the Santa Rita in Tucson and entered the lobby. He had left Hollywood in a dramatic mood and driven mellowly through it to Yuma with no definite idea of destination. At Yuma he had had visions of a tiled bath, a late supper served obsequiously and a luxurious bed. He had never been in Yuma before. He left in a brooding huff and bounced and bumped onward over two hundred some-odd miles of desert road, arriving eventually in Tucson, dog-tired and dust-covered.

A man rose from a chair in the lobby.

"Mr. Vane?"

"Yes— Why?"

"I am Doctor Kerr."

"What of it?"

"I don't really know," said Doctor Kerr. "I received a telegram from Hollywood yesterday to meet you here. I found you had reserved by wire from Gila Bend, and here I am."

"I don't get it," said Mr. Vane.

"Nor I," said the doctor. "It sounded like a racket."

"It still does," said Mr. Vane.

"The telegram," said the doctor, "invited me to confirm its authenticity through the Bank of Italy, which I did. It was signed by Copell and Copell, the attorneys."

"Suppose we become explicit."

"Quite so—as I understand it, you are not well."

Derek looked at the man, and then, remembering, passed a hand delicately across his eyes. "No—" he said. "It is true—I am not. In fact, my own doctor—"

"Yes—I understand—the telegram explained everything. Now the point is that I maintain the Rancho Repos. You've heard of it?"

Derek shook his head.

"The comforts and service of a de luxe hotel," said the doctor. "Individual bungalows if desired—horses, golf, tennis—medical attendance of the highest calibre, sun treatments, cuisine of the best, supervised diet if desired, mineral baths, massage, osteopathic treatments. In fact, a unique establishment designed solely to help nature rebuild in a natural way—"

"Oh, yes—I've heard of you. Sam Rompff was there for a time, wasn't he?"

"We had Mr. Rompff, yes."

Vaguely Derek remembered Mr. Rompff's enthusiasm. "Some dump," Mr. Rompff had said. "Swell-looking dames for nurses—the docs leave you alone—sleep and play poker all day long—golf—swim—"

"Well, what about it?"

(Continued on page 48)

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The Hoover-Roosevelt

WHATEVER happens on November 8th, the United States is going to emerge with a President who has not won because he inspires. Should you feel that you can no longer restrain your passion for truth and if you are a particularly fast worker you might devote the remaining days of this gelatinous campaign to a search for that enthusiasm that Franklin D. Roosevelt's promoters claim for him along the Atlantic seaboard and inland as far as the Mississippi River. And while you are about it you might keep an eye open and an ear cocked for manifestations of that revival of Hoover confidence that the President's management is hailing.

The chances are that you will find nothing more than your predecessors in the same mission found—an uncommonly weary and skeptical electorate moping to the polls hoping for the best and expecting very little of it. I have not put my trust in my own impressions—not wholly, anyway. As an investigator without any conscious enthusiasm for either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt, I herein add to what I have seen and heard the personal opinions of a number of others who have gone about the country upturning stones, poking into abandoned cellars and otherwise investigating the haunts of strange and elusive facts.

The general impression seems to be, among those very people—the bewildered and bedeviled masses who are supposed to be overjoyed at the prospect of voting for the urbane Mr. Roosevelt (and who are not)—that he is going to be elected anyway. His has been a deftly managed campaign. More than merely hopeful of carrying New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey in the East, his board of control, headed by the talented Mr. Farley, has chosen to depend for success upon the West, the South and the Mid-West.

Leaving It to the Unemployed

In these three sectors the Hoover disaffection is most manifest, most articulate. In the South Mr. Roosevelt has tradition with him. In the West there is that political liberalism that has sent many Johnsons, Norrises, Wheelers, Bryans and LaFollettes to Washington but very few Smoots. In the Mid-West he has the aid of the old sockless Populism that boils forth whenever the farmer is in political and financial misery. And the country over he has appealed adroitly to the unemployed millions who have the word of President Hoover himself that the approaching winter will fetch them no industrial comfort.

Mr. Hoover's campaign has been less cunning, less alluring. There wasn't a skyrocket in his box, scarcely a pinwheel. He began by holding aloof, as he did when opposed by Alfred E. Smith in 1928. And this is not 1928 and certainly no year for hauteur. Psychologically he has been unsound; too much was expected of his acceptance speech with too little recognition of the ancient fact that orderly, nonspectacular statements uttered in colorless tones are speedily forgotten or must wait for posterity's judgment. Mr. Hoover, a poor salesman, chose to depend upon the intelligent divination of the public to see the wisdom of his course. That's usually bad tactics—particularly when men and women are in no mood for thinking.

Presently, when jolted out of his seclusion by Maine, Mr. Hoover made his direct appeal. But he probably never read the wisdom of that magnificent fighting man, the late Mr. John L. Sullivan, in whose memoirs there is the impressive statement that "it don't pay to start fighting after the other fellow's punched you on the chin a couple of times. It is always best to punch him on the chin first." And his advisers can't have remembered the words of that other champion, Uncle Joe Cannon: "Elections are never lost at the polls; they are won or lost before the voters get that far."

Perhaps Mr. Hoover's tactics will bring him victory; what I have seen and heard makes that difficult for me to believe. His has been a dignified, unaggressive campaign in a year when the populace is looking for a fight. Mr. Roosevelt offers at least a change. Anyone is privileged to decide for himself whether it is better to follow the dogged Mr. Hoover or throw the whole game overboard. A revival of business is certain to come sooner or later, whoever occupies the White House. But whoever is elected had better be prepared for even more tempestuous days when, after recovery, labor demands a restoration of old wage scales. Things like that are worth thinking about even now.

Mr. Hoover's appeal has been chiefly, even necessarily, to the East—the financial East. His political philosophy is based upon money as the heart of all industry or national well-being. Right or wrong, he has had the tenacity to cling to it. Mr. Roosevelt has confined himself to no such hard-and-fast regimen. There is nothing new in his general denial of the sanctity of old gods, but it is profitably timely. Too much faith has been placed by Mr. Hoover's captains in the possibility that Mr. Roosevelt would accomplish his own undoing on the stump. Too much confidence was reposed in the ability of Secretaries Hurley and Mills to convince a rebellious electorate of the inadvisability of a change of administrations.

We Can't Get Excited

The impetuous Mr. Hurley in particular failed to help. And Maine's reply to Mr. Mills' "Why change?" convinced Mr. Hoover that what he must have learned as an engineer is likewise apt in politics: If you have an important personal job in front of you, it is better to give it your personal attention.

His Des Moines speech was the first fruit of his decision. Vigorous, painstaking and heavy with sincerity, this defense of his administration probably nailed down some of the votes that Mr. Roosevelt's airy generalities were weaning away from him. At last Mr. Hoover had publicly joined the fight. And he demonstrated that he was a better warrior than any of his knights.

So much, then, for the general character of the two campaigns, neither of which fires the imagination.

There is no use harking back to other administrations or citing comparative statistics of other years. In our current doldrums party lines have been

Just what did the Maine vote mean? Will Massachusetts go Democratic? What will New York do? With these and other vital questions in mind, Mr. Davenport has been canvassing the eastern states. Hamlet

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Illustrated by Conrad Massaguer

Fight [illegible] East

By Walter Davenport

and . metropoli[illegible] yielded up the [illegible] their intenti[illegible] numerous poli[illegible] currents have [illegible] arated and [illegible] Here Mr. [illegible] gives you the [illegible] so far as he know[illegible]

stretched and broken out of all regularity. In normal times, whatever they are, it is pretty difficult for a man with any real determination and ability to avoid work, or at least an invitation to work. In such conditions, such momentous tasks as the election of a President call for no particular brain-racking. With a well-filled stomach (if you're not too busy) and no mental labor whatever, you fare forth and vote straight from the heart—Republican or Democrat or Socialist. No dictation at all from the pocket because it is quite likely to be well furnished. Also you are pretty well convinced that the Republican is going to win anyway.

But now, as in all such darkish days, there are going to be millions of votes straight from the prejudices and the resentments. The Democratic barkers assure you that "the people are thinking." The chances are that they have all finished with their "thinking" and that the result of the thinking was exceedingly brief: "Let's throw them out."

One senses a recognition of this state of affairs even in Hoover headquarters. One of the more sophisticated of the Republican propaganda peddlers overtook me at the elevators, explaining that he was going to try out a little fresh air and perhaps something stronger before "batting out a few words of advice and cheer for the farmers."

"I need a little strengthening," he said. "The trouble inside there is that we haven't got anything much to sell. Anyway, nothing much that anybody wants. Selling this administration to the public, to the voting masses, is like giving a man a whale of a sales talk and then, about the time he's all set to fall for it, have him ask to see a few samples. And you've been talking what you'd like to sell, not what you've got. Get me? Like selling a housewife on an egg-beater that lays its own eggs and then showing her a concrete mixer —a second-hand one. Well, see you in the bread line."

"The place does seem a bit dull," I said. "Not much pep."

"Listen," he said. "The only time they ever get excited in headquarters is when somebody mentions the name of Al Smith."

A less bored but equally knowing ballyhoo dispenser in Democratic headquarters told me that never in his long career as a rouser had he met with such consistent success.

Making the Voters Roar

"All I have to do is to keep the people indignant," he explained. "Just dig up stuff for the spellbinders to shoot at the voters to keep them sore. Everybody helps, including Republicans like Pat Hurley. I used to room with a guy who had a job in a menagerie at Coney Island. Believe it or not, he used to stand behind a curtain back of an old lion's cage and pump a bellows through a slit in the curtain. The lion didn't like it but if you didn't keep the bellows going he was liable to lie down in a corner and go to sleep. But a couple wheezes out of the bellows and he would get up and roar like a full brass band. I used to laugh at that job, but no more."

"Well, nobody around your place seems worked up about it much," I said. "Pretty quiet around here."

"Oh, sure," he replied. "The place is dead. The only time they come to life is when somebody mentions the name of Al Smith."

Not only in headquarters of the two parties but in their branches—the offices of sundry state, county and city chairmen—the same vagueness, the same aimlessness appeared to obtain. The congested offices of charity dispensers, of city almoners and relief committees had become better political intelligence sources than party headquarters which, except for the paid bush-beaters and organ-pumpers, are almost deserted.

One of the shrewdest moves of the Roosevelt junta was to pack him off to the friendly West to consolidate his relatively easy fortunes there, and leave the East which, while somewhat partial to Mr. Hoover, was almost neutral to eventualities. The ultimate decision of the East was contingent upon two elements over which Mr. Roosevelt could have no influence and Mr. Hoover could only regard with trepidation—Al Smith and the stock market.

Bringing the Fight Back Home

The Roosevelt forces, assuming the possibility of failure in the East, went about insuring as best they might victory without Eastern aid. That done, they might deliver their final blows in the East where, if the Republican activities indicate their ultimate hopes, the fight must be won by President Hoover if he is going to win.

Granting that Mr. Hoover cannot break up the South's solidarity this year, that his prestige in the West and Mid-West has ebbed, it has become absolutely necessary to his success that he carry those nine eastern states where the final rounds of the battle will be staged—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Vermont. Even in Republican headquarters I was assured (in terrible confidence, of course) that only Mr. Hoover had any real hope of carrying any of the border states—Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia. Mr. Hoover, one of our least sagacious political observers, still believes that those states will understand him and his program and go the whole way with him. His tremendous faith in himself and his reconstruction plans and his slow, implacable sincerity of purpose make him difficult for the practical politician to work with.

That the Republicans can carry all those nine eastern states is not only very debatable but unlikely. The Republicans grant that their popular margin of victory in those eastern states might be quite small, but they remind you that Presidents aren't elected by popular vote, but by the electoral college. Each state casts as many votes in the electoral college as it has members in congress—representatives plus senators. If a sufficient number of the more populous states are captured by a candidate by however small a margin, he could be elected even though his opponent carried more states. A state's electors vote *en bloc*. The voters aren't balloting for the candidate direct; they are voting for that candidate's electors.

When the hard-pressed Jimmie Walker

(Continued on page 30)

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Not All Romance

By George Creel

The trouble with so many modern marriages is —see story herewith—that there isn't trouble enough

WEDDING rings, say the militant feminists, are symbols of servitude, and if women must wear them, why not men? For once, praise be, the answer is simple, and can be made with every circumstance of candor. Whatever may have been its early significance, the wedding ring is now merely an identification tag. Were it not for the platinum circlet on the third finger of her left hand, the modern wife could not possibly be distinguished from her unwedded sisters, whereas the married man has that about him which fairly screams his state.

It is description enough, therefore, merely to say that Dan Charlton was a husband. What use to waste words on the obvious? Even the least observant, seeing him at long range and with the naked eye, had no trouble in marking him down as a faithful soldier in the great army of good providers. The boldest Diana, after one glance at him, shook her head despairingly, and turned away in search of better hunting. Wives viewed him with approbation, if not excitement, and were fond of saying, especially to their own husbands, that Ivy Charlton was certainly one lucky woman.

For ten years of happy married life this had been Mrs. Charlton's own fixed belief. True, no motion picture directors stopped Dan on the street, imploring him for a test, but the honest blue eyes held an unchanging adoration, and a never-failing tenderness more than compensated for the sturdy figure's lack of grace. Even in the first years of poverty and struggle he had been generous when generosity drew blood at every pore and, now that his own sweating effort had won him wealth, the least of her whims met a quick and delighted indulgence.

A loving wife and a devoted mother, it had never occurred to Mrs. Charlton, even remotely, that marriage was an abnormal relationship until Dent Hardy brought the matter up, delicately complimenting the courage with which she bore her cross. A spirited denial was on the tip of her tongue, but the casualness of his tone, as though it were a widely known and generally accepted truth, checked the dissent. "Bourgeois" was just then coming into vogue as an epithet, and Ivy suffered under the anxious fear of having it hurled at her.

HARDY, being a bachelor, necessarily calls for a much more extended treatment than that given Dan Charlton. Tall and slim, with a wave in his dark hair, he had none of the "first-of-the-month" look that is the badge of the married tribe. A romantic type, decidedly, and entirely unaffected by the commercialism that curses most American men. He sold bonds, to be sure, but women made up his clientele exclusively, and the sordid business of buying and selling was so skillfully interwoven with lunches and teas as not to be obtrusive.

Ivy, sitting next to him at a rather large dinner, found Hardy altogether delightful and inspiriting. After all, she *was* only thirty, even if Dan persisted in calling her "Mother," and it *was* nice to be made to feel that you were neither aged nor dowdy. Dan, of course, thought she looked lovely in any old thing, but not once had he ever discovered that a particular dress brought out the midnight in her eyes and the magnolia note in her skin. And never, even in the days of courtship, had he said that dancing with her was like having a spray of jasmine in his arms.

"Don't tell me that I'm not going to see you again." A flattering touch of panic was in Hardy's voice as they parted. "Be an angel and say you'll have luncheon with me tomorrow. Or," quick to note her hesitation, he let a faintly derisive note creep into his tone, "must I speak first to friend husband, and get his written permission?"

"Of course not." Ivy's color flamed high. What would he think of her if he knew that she had never been out alone in public with a man since her marriage? "I'll be glad to come."

"Well, how was God's gift to women?" chuckled Dan on the homeward ride. "I saw him doing his stuff for you."

"Are you referring to Mr. Hardy?" demanded Ivy, a trifle sharply.

"Yep. That's the fellow. Not very popular with men, but I don't imagine it worries him much."

"I found him charming."

"Yeah?" Dan yawned hugely. "Well, it's his business to be charming. That's the way he makes his living."

IT HAD been Ivy's full intention to speak of her engagement, but she judged the moment less than auspicious, and after the luncheon itself she had a faintly troubled sense that Dan would not approve. A most circumspect affair at the Ritz and in plain view of the multitude, but not the least of Hardy's equipment was the gift of making even a mass meeting seem illicit. Anyway, why should she tell Dan? Dent was perfectly right in saying that there was no greater humiliation for a woman than having to account to a husband for her daily movements.

"It comes down from the day when wives were property," he had laughed. "As a matter of fact, most of them still are. You may yet find yourself punching a time clock."

As other luncheons followed, also numerous teas, Ivy Charlton found herself increasingly tolerant of the views that Hardy expressed. His insistence upon the abnormality of the marriage relation, developed as conversation became more intimate, shocked her at first; but never having participated in any discussion of the subject, she had little to say in rebuttal, and sat wide-eyed at the feet of his plausibility.

"Surely, dear lady," he said, "you must see yourself that it makes individual expression an impossibility. What is marriage but a constant exchange of concessions? And what are concessions but surrenders? A wife gives up the thing she wants to do, and a husband gives up the thing he wants to do, and the outcome is agreement upon a third thing that neither wants to do."

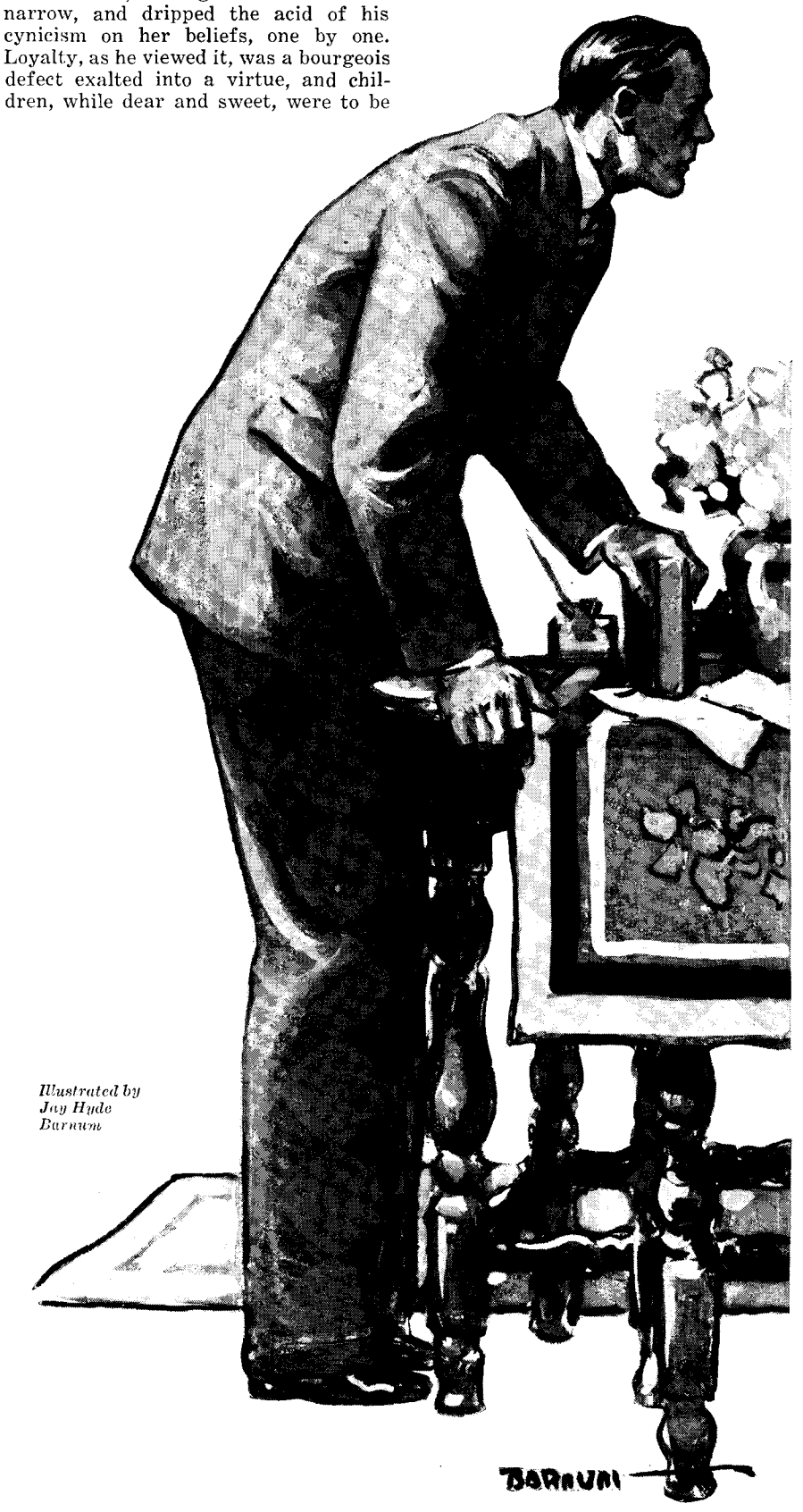
"That's true," Ivy admitted, vainly racking her brain for some concession that had stifled her personality.

"Life is like a beautiful mansion with many chambers," he continued with an effect of impersonal discussion. "We rejoice in its spaciousness until the day when we invite another to share it with us. The new occupant doesn't like the second floor, so it's shut off. Then the right wing fails to please and, after that, fault is found with the left wing. Both are barred and bolted and, at the end, the two are cooped together in a few small rooms, while all the rest of the house gathers dust and cobwebs."

WORKING carefully, and with the skill of long practice, Dent Hardy systematically dissatisfied Ivy Charlton with her life, making it seem mean and narrow, and dripped the acid of his cynicism on her beliefs, one by one. Loyalty, as he viewed it, was a bourgeois defect exalted into a virtue, and children, while dear and sweet, were to be guarded against, for they absorbed individuality.

"I love your love for your little ones," he murmured caressingly, "but don't forget that you have your own life to live, my dear. That's the mistake so many mothers make. They sink themselves in their children, and cease to be human beings."

Under his tutelage she began to read Freud, although this was something that had to be done with care, for Dan loathed "sex stuff," as he called it. Her husband began to annoy her in other ways, too. For instance, when Hardy took her to the gallery of a friend, and found her some rare bargains in the very newest of the new art, Dan refused to let her hang the canvases, banishing them to the storeroom.



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"You're lying!" Hardy sprang to his feet.

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"Just daubs!" he declared stubbornly. "That's all they are. Honest, you must have been crazy when you bought 'em, Ivy darling."

The Charlton home, formerly as stable as the Rock of Ages, began to show cracks in the masonry. Dan, returning of an evening, no longer found the adoring audience of other days. A poor man at the time of his marriage, he had not only worked for Ivy but with her, explaining his ideas and plans in detail, and finding his greatest joy in her eager interest and perfect optimism. Now, instead of enthusiasm, he met with indifference and even irritability.

"Really, Dan, don't you *ever* think of anything but business?" This became her regular way of breaking in on his excited explanations, even when they dealt with a merger that might well double his fortune. "There's something else in life besides money, you know."

"But not anything more important," he grinned. "Especially when you've got an expensive wife and two growing youngsters. But what on earth's the matter with you lately, sweetheart?"

"Why do you ask?" she demanded. "I'm not conscious of any change."

"Well, you act different," he insisted. "Kind of snappish. What say to a little run around Europe? I can get off for a while just now, and Mother will be tickled pink to come on and stay with the children."

"DON'T be ridiculous." Ivy stamped her foot angrily. "I never felt better in my life, and it would be inconvenient leaving town so suddenly. I've accepted for a thousand things."

Why had Dan's suggestion about going away aroused such a sense of panic? In her own room, behind closed doors, Ivy asked herself the question, and burned with shame at the answer. She had let herself care for Dent Hardy, and could not bear the thought of leaving him.

The shock kept her awake until late in the night, and she rose fully determined to end the dangerous association. She would tell Dent at tea. But how could she tell him? Burst out with the confession that she loved him and could no longer trust herself with him? Unthinkable! Better to cancel the engagement by telephone, and then tell Dan she had changed her mind about Europe. At noon she was firm in this resolve, at three she began to debate anew, and four o'clock found her at the quiet restaurant appointed for the rendezvous. Hardy, a skilled fisherman in such waters, rarely made the mistake of impatience and, quickly divining the cause of Ivy's evident distraction, he directed the conversation along reassuring lines.

Love, after all, was a comparatively simple thing. Given melody and moonlight, what normal couple could fail to know a stirring? How much finer and far more rare was friendship, the drawing together of kindred souls by similarity of taste, thought and ideals? Not the high blaze of physical attraction, soon dying out, but a steady glow to warm the heart by.

Soothed into security, Ivy let the teas continue, and once, when Dan was away in Chicago, dined with Hardy, and went with him to a theater. It was his first insistence that they have dinner in his apartment, but she refused so firmly that he did not press the matter. He let her see, however, that her lack of trust hurt him deeply and, by way of softening this affront, Ivy consented to let him come to the house of an afternoon. As Hardy said, it was *her* home just as much as Dan's.

A MONTH of this, and Hardy, shrewdly observant, judged it time for the landing net. "Hook, line and sinker," he smiled to himself, watching the way she colored at his look and quivered at his touch. On the next visit his lips failed to stop at her hand, and Ivy Charlton, tearing herself away from his embrace at last, stood with burning face and fear-stricken eyes.

"Darling!" His voice was a caress. "It isn't as if both of us hadn't fought. It's just one of those things you can't fight."

"No, no!" She repulsed him almost frantically. "Not again. Not until I have told Dan."

"Told Dan?" The repetition carried a distinct note of alarm.

"Of course. You don't think—you *couldn't* think—that I'd go on living with him now?"

"Certainly not." Hardy, biting back a curse, managed to recapture his air of tender gallantry. "I was only considering the time and the way. It's all too beautiful to be soiled by vulgar scenes. You see that, don't you? Now here's what we'll do: Meet me tomorrow at my apartment, and—"

"Please go." Her hands against his chest, Ivy pushed him to the door. "I'll telephone you after—after I've talked with Dan. Oh, go, go, *go!*"

That night Dan Charlton sat silently and heard his wife through to the end. All the ruddy color drained from his face, and the honest eyes could not hide their pain, but when he spoke his voice was low and gentle.

"You're sure about this, Ivy?" he asked. "Sure you love the fellow and that it's not just an infatuation?"

"Yes," she answered miserably. "I love him."

"Well, I've always tried to give you what you wanted, and I'm not going to change now." Tenderly enough he put a big hand on the bowed head. "You can tell Hardy it's all right, but I want a week or ten days to figure things out. That's not too much to ask, is it?"

THE waiting tore at Ivy Charlton's nerves unbearably, for it was a changed Dan that came and went, a white-faced, tight-lipped stranger, only softening when with the children. His curt announcement that he was ready brought a sense of relief as keen as though she had been lifted from the rack.

"I've telephoned Hardy," he said, "and asked him to be here tomorrow at four." Before she could answer he turned away and was gone.

Contrary to habit, Dent did not glide forward to kiss Ivy's hand when he arrived the following afternoon. His entrance savored of a sidle, and instead of the usual suave assurance, his manner was marked by a very definite uneasiness.

"Sit down." Dan issued the order impersonally, if coldly. "What I ought to do, I reckon, is kill you." A pause long enough for Hardy to pale perceptibly, and then a shrug of the broad shoulders. "To be quite honest, it's what I'd like to do. However, I can't see it would improve the situation any for the children to have their father tried as a murderer and their mother made a front-page story."

Ivy stared incredulously. Was it indeed Dent Hardy hunched on the edge of a chair, furtively licking his lips,

(Continued on page 47)

"You can't get away with any bluff like that, Charlton. Ivy's entitled to a settlement"

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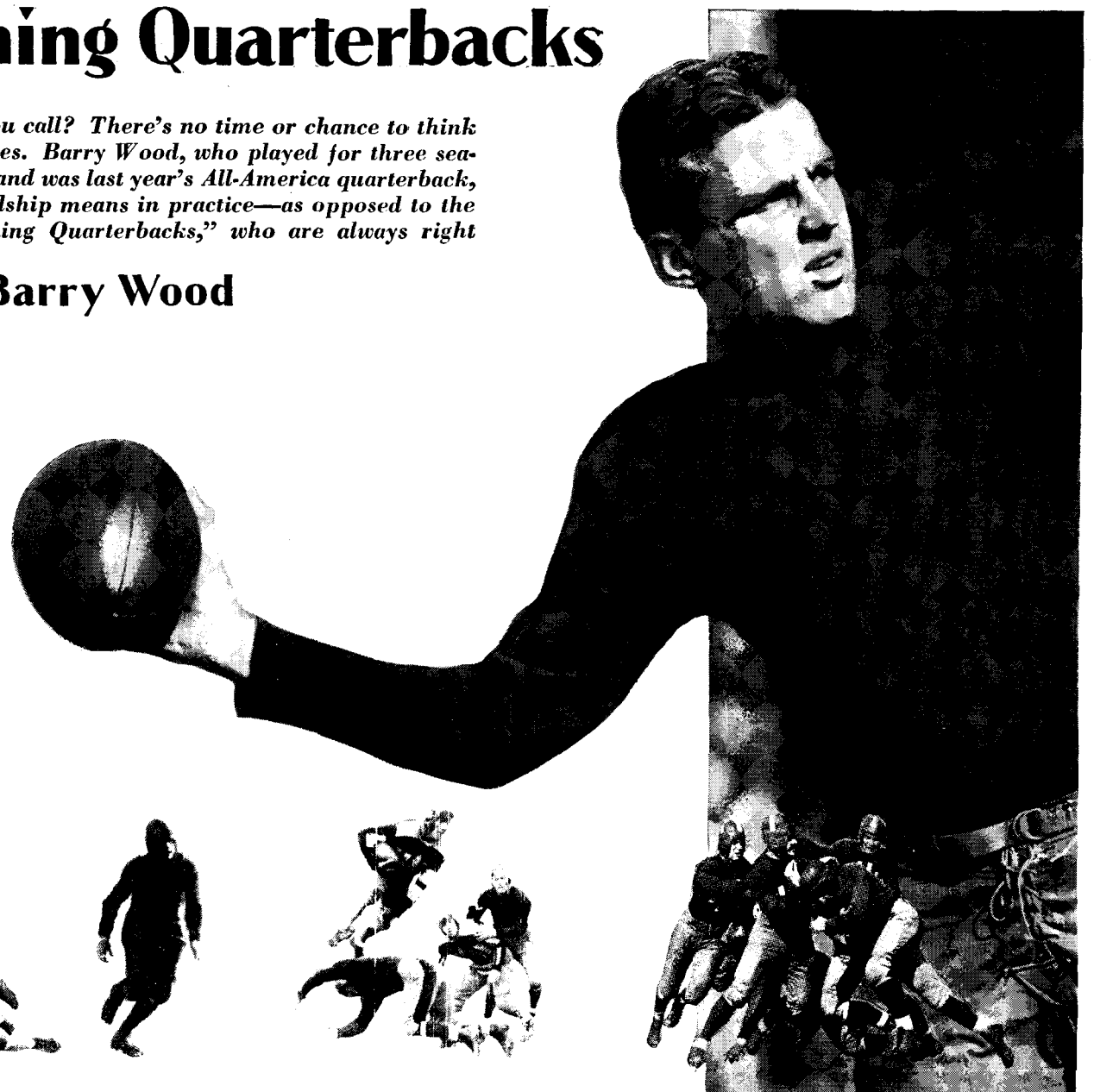
Monday Morning Quarterbacks

Quick! What play would you call? There's no time or chance to think —just pressure from all sides. Barry Wood, who played for three seasons on the Harvard varsity and was last year's All-America quarterback, shows you what field-generalship means in practice—as opposed to the theories of "Monday Morning Quarterbacks," who are always right

By Barry Wood



THE ball is on the two-yard line, ten yards in from the side line, and it is late in the fourth period with the score still 6-0. Here is his last chance to score and perhaps to win the game. He must select the right play or surrender the ball on downs, giving his opponents the opportunity to kick out of danger.

His team has gradually worked the ball into scoring territory by a concentrated attack on the left tackle, who, though not weak, is a little green and easily deceived in a spin play. The defensive left halfback has been coming up fast to offset the weakness; luckily he noticed this, and a forward pass over the halfback's head put the ball on the nine-yard line. There the situation was very different; the defense went into a seven-man line, two of the backs stationed themselves behind the tackles, and the other two played deeper, just over the goal line, to guard against forward passes.

Three plays have netted only seven yards and the opposing line has tightened up even more as they have been pushed back toward their own goal, so that now less than two feet separate one lineman from the next. On this last play the guards and center will "pitch" in order to pile up any play through center, and the two backs behind the line will be ready to stop a ball-carrier who attempts to dive over the pile. The tackles are playing close, and will charge straight in toward the ball-carrier; the ends will "crash," leaving the backfield to stop a wide sweep. The halfbacks will have their eyes glued on the ends and wing backs, fearing a forward pass, and the whole defensive team will throw itself desperately into this last play, the deciding play of the game.

All of this passes rapidly through the mind of the quarterback. If he uses a line buck, he may gain a yard over the "pitching" line—but that is not enough; he must score. The tackle is too close now to be fooled by a spin play. The "crashing" ends and the backs behind the line will stop a wide tackle play. He might try a sweep, for the ends are playing close, but the halfbacks will come up fast when they sense a running play, and the fullback will slide laterally. A forward pass would be too obvious on fourth down, and if the ball were grounded in the end zone, it would be brought out to the twenty-yard line. That would be the end, for the opponents could hold it for at least two downs before kicking, and the game would be over.

The referee gives him just thirty seconds to call the play. He cannot take another time-out, since his team has already been penalized for having called too many. Two minutes to think about it wouldn't help much anyhow, for if there is any doubt at all in his mind, he must conceal it from his teammates. Even a lineman knows that a quarterback is not aided in picking plays by looking thoughtfully at the ground, and the slightest hesitation in the huddle will shatter the team's confidence.

A Good Play that Failed

They have marched sixty yards to the two-yard line and he has gained their confidence; he must not lose it. He must act quickly! Thirty seconds! The yelling spectators on all sides of him do not help him to think clearly.

There comes a tense silence as the teams line up. Then a roar from fifty thousand wrought-up onlookers rocks the huge stadium. Above the din the loud-speaker in the press-box announces: "Ball carried by Number Forty-nine off right tackle; play stopped by Number Twelve; Notre Dame's ball, first down." Telegraph keys and typewriters click on monotonously.

The sports pages of the New York Sunday newspapers contain more or less accurate play-by-play accounts of the Army-Notre Dame game, but on Monday the headlines of one paper read:

ARMY DEFEAT DUE TO FAULTY GENERALSHIP

Poor Choice of Plays Ruins Cadet Chances in Final Period

The story is one written by a kind of sports writer known to football players and coaches as a "Monday Morning Quarterback." It praises the winning quarterback's generalship and criticizes in detail the tactics of the loser, taking pains to show how the game hinged upon his mistakes. Not content with reporting the game accurately, the writer must "analyze" it, emphasizing the most critical plays and explaining the fine points to the credulous public. His knowledge may seem astounding, yet to coach and player, and to every intelligent football follower, his criticisms are not worth the paper they are printed on.

Often the sports writer does not know what actually happened upon the field; even the most alert reporter cannot detect every detail from the press-box. Here are two striking examples:

During the last season that Rockne coached at Notre Dame, his team defeated the Army 7-6 in the outstanding mud battle of the year, on the rain-soaked gridiron of the Soldiers' Field stadium in Chicago. Late in the fourth period a kick was blocked, which ultimately decided the contest and, according to one sports writer, there was not a reporter in the press-box when the play occurred who knew which player had actually blocked the kick.

In a recent game between two large

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Eastern colleges, one of the teams employed a rather novel form of "quick-kick," the play being exceedingly deceptive even to onlookers in the press-box, who could see every player distinctly. Although the play was used at least five or six times during the game, the sports writers were unable to determine who actually kicked the ball, and every newspaper account of the game gave the credit for these kicks to the wrong player.

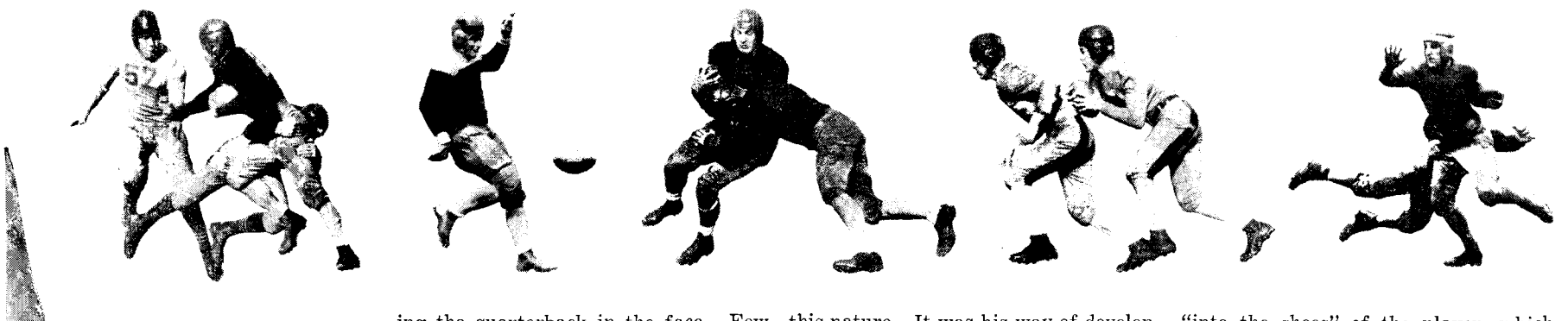
In addition to operating his typewriter or telegraph key, the reporter must focus his attention upon the ball if he is to give an accurate and interesting account of the play. Can he then observe in detail the position and tactics of each defensive player? Does he know that the tackle is playing too close for a spin play? Does he know that the ends are "crashing" and the guards are "pitching" on the goal line?

He sees the ball-carrier stopped dead in his tracks, and he sees that the defense had apparently sensed just where the play was coming. There seems to be no deception. Immediately, if he is a Monday Morning Quarterback, he concludes that the choice of play was poor.

In his enthusiasm, he forgets that he is sitting comfortably in the press-box behind a typewriter, with the whole playing field below him. He is not crouched in the huddle with ten keyed-up players awaiting his word, with fifty thousand wild spectators yelling at him, and a referee warning him to hurry. His head is not throbbing, and he is not tired and bruised from the pounding of three whole periods of a football game. When he writes his article for the Monday paper, he forgets that he is only a second guesser, choosing "heads" after learning that the coin has not fallen "tails."

Six Football Commandments

But when can one fairly accuse the quarterback of being wrong? Is there one logical play for every occasion, or must he rely to some extent upon guesswork? The reports of the second guesser might lead the reader to believe that there is always a logical play star-



Acme

Barry Wood, 1931 All-America quarterback and Harvard captain

ing the quarterback in the face. Few intelligent sports writers or spectators, however, would venture to declare a chosen play wrong merely because it failed to gain ground.

There are, on the other hand, a few basic principles of offensive tactics, well known to all coaches and players, which the quarterback must never violate. One of the smartest coaches in football teaches his quarterbacks a brief set of rules which he calls "the six quarterback 'don'ts'." They are as follows:

1. Don't wait until after third down to punt when within your own twenty-yard line.
2. Don't forward pass within your own twenty-yard line (except possibly when behind, near the end of the game).
3. Don't lose the ball on downs outside of your opponents' twenty-five-yard line.
4. Don't end up on fourth down in scoring territory with the ball near the side line when you might kick a field goal.
5. Don't force yourself into a punting position within fifteen yards of the side line nearest your punter's kicking foot.
6. Don't run plays toward the side line when already within fifteen yards of it.

Although an inexperienced player will often break one of the "six commandments" in the excitement of a game, he should be criticized for such a mistake, just as should a baseball player who tries to steal home with no one out. In a college game several years ago, a sophomore quarterback had the courage to rush the ball four times on fourth downs outside the opponents' forty-yard line. Although his team made first down on each occasion and finally won the game, he was severely criticized by the head coach for violating one of the fundamental rules of football tactics for quarterbacks.

Aside from the violation of these few rules, are there no other mistakes for which a coach is justified in criticizing his quarterback? Would he not call him down for using a line plunge (generally good for only two or three yards) on third down with twelve yards to gain? The coach often reviews the game with his quarterbacks on Monday, discussing the plays that seem doubtful, and the group sometimes agrees that, on a certain occasion, a different play *might* have been more successful—but seldom is the quarterback accused of being wrong. The coach realizes that the choice of plays involves judgment, and this quality he strives during the entire year to develop in his quarterbacks.

Knute Rockne, the famous Notre Dame coach, used to give his quarterbacks a list of such questions as the following: "If you had the wind with you and had the ball, fourth down, two yards to gain on your opponents' thirty-yard line near the center of the field, with ten minutes to play, what kind of a play would you use if (1) you were ahead, 7-6, (2) you were behind, 6-2, (3) the score were even, 0-0?" Rockne's quarterbacks were required to be able to give a good answer to a question of this nature. It was his way of developing their judgment.

A former star quarterback, coaching a "midget" schoolboy team, was recently confronted by a puzzling problem in regard to criticizing a player's judgment. Before the final game of the season, he invited his first-string quarterback up to his room in the dormitory and explained as simply as possible some of the principles of quarterback tactics. He concluded his little talk by addressing the twelve-year-old youngster as follows: "Joe, it's usually best to stick to these few rules pretty closely, but occasionally it's good tactics to do just the opposite of what you 'should' do; the unexpected will often fool your opponents."

You Can't Criticize Touchdowns

The next day, late in the third period of the game, Joe's team had the ball on its own ten-yard line, fourth down, fifteen yards to go. The score was tied. The coach wondered if Joe could get away his punt without having it blocked. His heart fell when he saw the ball passed to the fullback, who charged straight into the center of the line, but somehow a hole was opened and the back raced through, eluded the defensive backs, and ran ninety yards for a touchdown.

After the game, the coach asked Joe if he had been aware of the fact that it was fourth down when he called the play. "Sure, I was," came the reply. "You said it was good to do the wrong thing once in a while, so I figured that was a good time to do it." His judgment in this instance could hardly be questioned.

To every intelligent football critic it is obvious that there is no one correct play for each occasion. The situation is too complex even for the coach always to determine whether a play is right or wrong. The wind, the sun, the condition of the field, the score, the time remaining to play, the condition of both teams, the opponents' defensive formation, the type of play previously used—all must be considered. A quarterback's choice of play, therefore, is usually a matter of judgment, and is regarded as such by coach and player.

The Second-Guess System

The Monday Morning Quarterback's viewpoint, however, is very different. Probably he does not even know the "six commandments." He is concerned merely with the outcome of the play, and if at a crucial moment the play is successful, the quarterback, in his opinion, is right; if unsuccessful, he is wrong—regardless of his judgment throughout the game, regardless of the tricks of fate which turn against him, and regardless, above all, of his opponents' skill.

This genus of sports writer is a thorn in the side of both coach and player, and his hypercritical articles promote only resentment. But most newspaper men who devote a greater part of their time to witnessing athletic games of all kinds learn to appreciate the player's position and outlook; they learn to discriminate between skill and luck, and acquire the habit of putting themselves "into the shoes" of the player, which makes them slow to criticize.

Such a statement, unfortunately, cannot be made about the football public in general; among others, the loyal alumnus is often an accomplished Monday Morning Quarterback. Perhaps he is sitting near you at a big game, chewing a thick, black cigar. He reveals his identity immediately by pronouncing in a loud voice to the man next to him some such enlightening pre-game information as: "This fella Maynard's the greatest ball-carrier we've had in years, an', believe me, we sure had some great backs in my day. You just keep your eye on him; he's gonna run rings around that Notre Dame team."

As the game begins, you notice that he apparently feels himself remarkably well-qualified to criticize the play of every man on the field. You wonder, perhaps, if he does not know more than either of the head coaches. But his team is not faring too well, and his comments become somewhat disagreeable; he seems to be particularly disgusted with the frequent mistakes of the quarterback, who, you judge from his remarks, is rather unintelligent.

Why does not some ingenious coach resort to employing a Monday Morning Quarterback to run his team? Perhaps some day one will; but he will have to make a few minor concessions to enable his new field general to operate most efficiently. He must allow him to wear a coonskin coat and smoke a black cigar, to call his signals from a comfortable seat near the top of the stadium, where he can obtain a good view of the opponents' defense, and, above all, he must persuade the referee to give him time to think between plays—anywhere from one to twenty-four hours.

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The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

NED DABNEY, owner of the Leader, a powerful newspaper, summons his most resourceful reporter, Ken Meridew. "Meridew," he says, "I want you to get the whole story of crime and racketeering in New York City today. Start now."

Meridew plunges at once into the underworld. There he encounters two of America's most dangerous criminals: Jim Cattrone and Carl Bramer. And there he receives the greatest shock of his life. . . . Meridew, hitherto immune, is on the verge of falling in love. The girl is the cultured and wealthy Myrna Dale, who is, he is well aware, deeply interested in another man: no less a personage than Mark Brockridge, the President of the United States! . . . Following an interview with Cattrone, in a lower West Side dive, he sees a girl enter the place. The girl is—*Myrna Dale!*

Puzzled, perplexed by the incident, Meridew questions Myrna. She has not, she says, been near Cattrone's that day. Another lie follows quickly. Week-end guests on a Long Island estate, Myrna and Meridew find Brockridge there. Myrna professes to be surprised. Unable to sleep that night, after retiring, Meridew takes a stroll in the garden. There, unobserved, he sees Myrna and the President meet and engage in a long, whispered conversation. . . . The following morning the girl calmly denies having seen Brockridge! . . . Meanwhile, Meridew's new acquaintance, Carl Bramer, has not been idle. With a small group of gunmen and racketeers he is plotting to kidnap, and hold for a ransom of five million dollars, the most carefully guarded man in the world: *President Brockridge!*

V

HE WAS, as bachelors are apt to be, a somewhat methodical person. He liked his furniture arranged in a certain way. Not that, on those occasional gay parties in which he was not too strait-laced to indulge, things did not become awry, but Durfee and his wife knew that their employer wanted things put in order again in the briefest possible time.

But tonight he was the despair of his servants. He dined simply on his porch, racing through the excellent meal that Minnie prepared. Then he stalked through the house.

Girls always wanted to look at everything in a bachelor's home. Even the pantry and kitchen were not safe from their curiosity. And the immaculate Minnie could be trusted to have these premises spotless. But the living-room, his tiny library, his own and the guest bedroom—taste, not neatness, counted here, and he felt that Myrna Dale would be critical of his taste. Hang it, why hadn't he changed the living-room drapes? He'd been intending to for months. They were too gay for the paneled walls.

And the overmantel—its bright blue background ought to blend with the green of the ceiling, but it just didn't; that was all there was to it. Of course, a lot of people of impeccable taste maintained that he would be mad to make a single change, but he had felt a vague uneasiness about the room of late.

He summoned Durfee. The tiny Corot in the library had never belonged there. If he hung it where the Whistler was in the living-room and brought the Whistler into the library . . .

Durfee paused three strides beyond the door and picked up the buzzing telephone.

"Who's calling, please? I'll see if he's in, sir."

He put down the instrument and spoke softly to Meridew:

"A Mr. Blannard, sir."

MERIDEW frowned. For a moment the name aroused no recollection, and in all her life—though she would never know about it—Myrna Dale would never receive a higher compliment. Concentration upon her made Kendrick Meridew temporarily forgetful of the name of a man whom he had known for years and whom he had seen as recently as yesterday morning.

Then, grinning at himself, he picked up the telephone.

"Hello, Captain Mike. What's on your soul?"

"So much that it would take the College of Cardinals to check the list," boomed the old man. "Are you very busy, Meridew?"

Meridew glanced at his wrist watch. It was not quite eight o'clock. Myrna would not be here until nine-thirty, she had said. But she would be here then, he thought. She had been so surprisingly prompt yesterday afternoon that he was convinced that punctuality was one of her virtues.

"Not for the next hour," he replied.

"Fifteen minutes will do me," said Blannard. "I'd like to see you. I'm downstairs."

"Downstairs! Well, for heaven's sake come right up," said Meridew.

He heard the click of the receiver as Blannard hung up. The old man was not over-garrulous on the telephone. Meridew stood looking at the instrument. His brief incursion into the underworld became vivid in his mind. Old Mike, Jim Cattrone, the surly fat man in the Rockwood Hotel, the two longshoremen playing cribbage; he beheld again the surprisingly well-furnished apartment of Carl Bramer, and saw the contradictory features of the racketeer.

He nodded to Durfee.

"We won't bother with any changes," he said.

Perhaps it was just as well that someone was coming to interrupt these changes in his apartment. After all, the living-room was pretty good. Besides, it would be interesting to leave it just as it was, and get Myrna's ideas about the decorations. And wasn't he making a terrific to-do about her visit, anyway?

He was smoking a cigarette, a moment later, when Durfee ushered Captain Blannard out onto the porch.

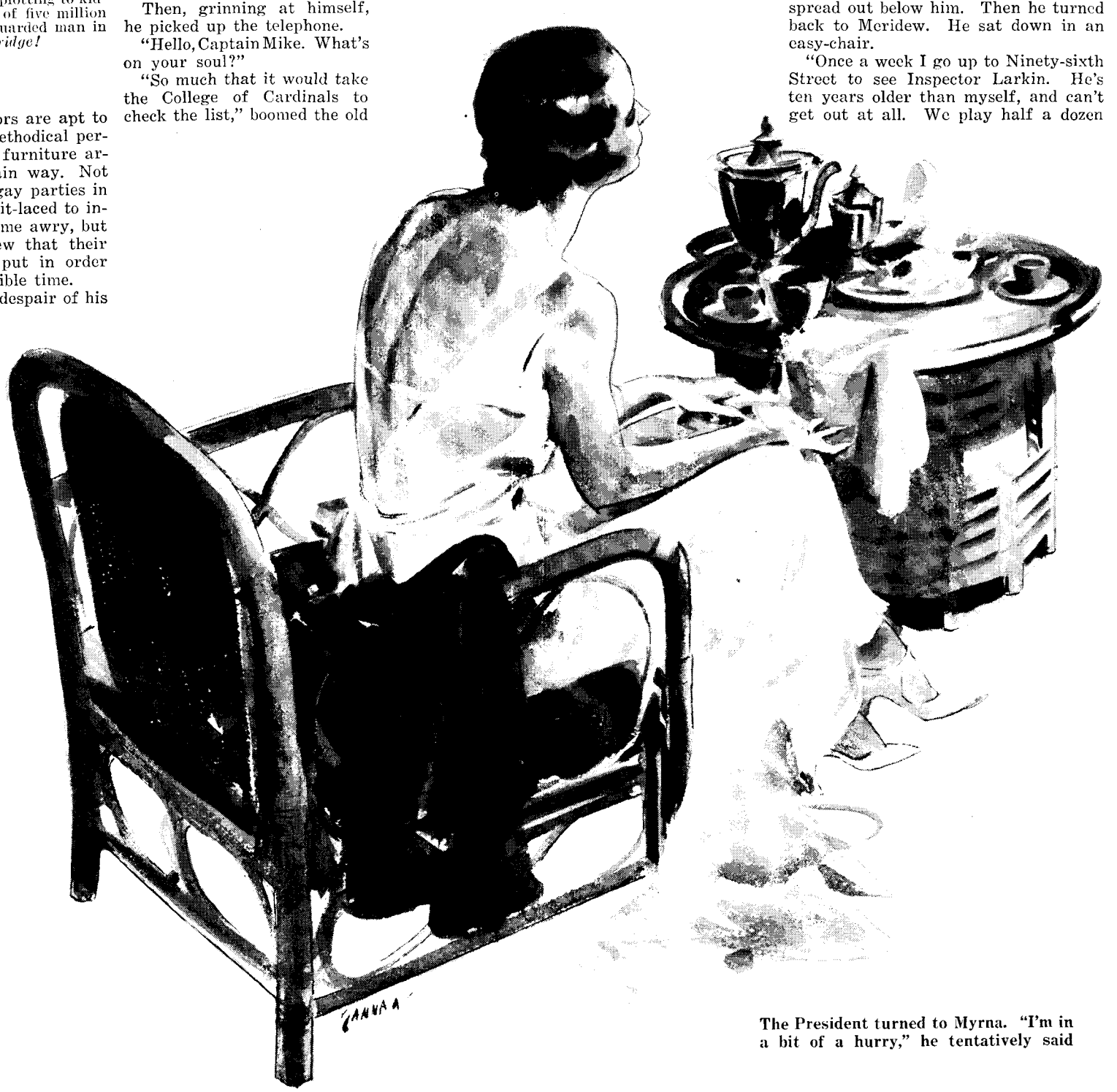
"Good evening, Mr. McGrath," said Blannard, with a smile.

Meridew grinned.

"Call me Pat," he said. "What a flop I was! And isn't this a high honor I'm being paid? I'd an idea you never left the snug home downtown, Captain."

OLD Mike walked—none too spryly—to the breast-high wall that enclosed the porch. He sniffed appreciatively the cool breeze. He stared with admiration at the spectacular city spread out below him. Then he turned back to Meridew. He sat down in an easy-chair.

"Once a week I go up to Ninety-sixth Street to see Inspector Larkin. He's ten years older than myself, and can't get out at all. We play half a dozen



The President turned to Myrna. "I'm in a bit of a hurry," he tentatively said

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games of cribbage and talk over old times. This is Sunday, my night to visit him, and I just thought I'd look in on you. Lad, you live well. I'd like one of these penthouses myself."

"You can get hold of plenty of them these days," said Meridew.

The old policeman shook his head.

"I'd be lost anywhere but in the little old house downtown," he said. "I'm too old for penthouses and the like." He drew pipe and pouch from a side pocket of his double-breasted blue coat. "The wind will blow the reek of it away from you," he said.

He lighted it and puffed for a moment.

"Carl Bramer came to see me last evening," he suddenly announced.

"Oh-ho." Meridew whistled softly. "The gentleman was upset?"

Illustrated by John Gannam

Blannard shrugged his still broad shoulders.

"He wasn't weepin'," he replied. "Neither was he grinnin' like a Chessy cat. Sort of puzzled, the lad was."

"And you told him the four-letter word was 'jail,' eh?"

"Eh?" The old man was bewildered for a moment. Then he laughed. "No, in my own home I'm always the gentleman. I never mentioned such matters. When I told him to sit down, I said just that. I didn't say 'take a chair,' lest he think I'm hinting at his finish. Always the soul of tact. That's old Mike."

"WHAT did he want?" asked Meridew.

"I don't believe he knew himself," replied Blannard. "He just was curious. And me—well, there was a shade of embarrassment in the occasion for me."

"I can imagine it," said Meridew.

"Maybe it wasn't quite kosher, what I did, according to Bramer's lights," said Mike. "But I should lose sleep worrying about what a racketeer thinks of my morals! Well, anyway, I never believe in meeting trouble, or anything that looks like it, halfway. I believe in going all the way. So I came right out with it. I didn't wait for him to mention you. I said to him that I supposed he was a little sore about my sending you to Jim Cattrone. But, says I, the lad is all hopped up about writing a novel about racketeers, and wanted what he called local color. And that, I tell him, is the whole cause and occasion of your visit to Cattrone and to him."

"And he believed it?" inquired Meridew.

"Shame on me, it's the most convincing old liar I can be," chuckled the old man. "What with all them grand juries that used to like a morning's chat with me, I got plenty of practice. But did he believe it? you ask. Well, Bramer's no district attorney trying to get his name in the papers. He's no swell banker thinking he's doing his public duty by acting as foreman of a grand jury. He's a smart lad, and I'm not sure he believed his mother when she said Mr. Bramer was his father. But he pretended to be satisfied."

He puffed complacently at his pipe.

"He had to pretend that," he went on. "Old as I am, and tough as he is, if he gave me the lie I think I could still throw him through the window, and I'm thinking he thinks the same. But the lads are different from what they were when I pounded the pavement. The blow didn't follow the word in those days; it came ahead of it. He may have left my house thinking I've grown soft, and he may have left thinking I'm a liar. And if that last is the case, well—I just thought I'd be dropping in on you. Watch your step late at night; or in the middle of the day, for that matter."

"I THINK," said Meridew slowly, "that's a good suggestion. One of his men followed me last night."

"Followed you? Where?"

"Well, I'm not sure about it," said Meridew. "But, driving out to Long Island last night, I was stopped in a jam, and the clerk in that hotel where Bramer lives was in another car. And when he noticed that I saw him he couldn't hide his face quickly enough. Maybe it meant nothing—"

"There was no trouble?" asked Blannard.

Meridew shook his head.

"Well, then Bramer isn't *too* suspicious, or else there'd have been trouble right then. But what gets me—suppose you did pretend to be someone else, Bramer discovered it right away, didn't he? You didn't *get* anywhere, you didn't *learn* anything, you didn't *do* anything. I can't see why he'd be disturbed at all. And that's why, lad, I just thought I'd be telling you to keep your eyes open. Carry a gun?"

"Sometimes," admitted Meridew.

"Keep it by you all the time," suggested Blannard. "Not that I really think you'll need it—but these new lads—I just can't follow them. You never can tell. And don't you ever, Kendrick Meridew, suggest to a caller that a little something or other might take the rust off his tonsils?"

"The idea," said Meridew, "had but this moment occurred to me."

He rang the bell and Durfee produced whisky. And after the drink—it was pre-war Bourbon—had been reverently taken, the old man rose to depart.

"I won't say that I hope I haven't alarmed you," he said, "because I don't believe you're easily scared. But—watch your step."

"I'll watch it," Meridew promised, as he ushered his guest into the elevator.

But he dismissed the warning temporarily from his mind. It was eight-thirty now. In an hour much could be done with the living-room. Then he reverted to his earlier decision to let the room remain as it was.

And her prompt enthusiasm when, exactly at nine-thirty, Myrna arrived, made him happy at his decision.

She surveyed the living-room, his bedroom, the guest-room, the tiny library, the pantry and kitchen. Out on the porch, where the beaming Durfee served coffee, she pronounced her decision.

"I think you have the most charming apartment I've seen in New York," she said.

"Really?" Meridew leaned eagerly toward her.

DURFEE, once out of sight in the house, actually scuttled to the kitchen.

"She thinks the apartment is charming," he said to Minnie.

"She does?" Minnie was as eagerly excited as her husband.

They looked at each other.

"He's had plenty girls up here," said Minnie slowly, "but not alone. And nobody like *her*, of course. I wonder—"

Durfee collected himself. It was time to reassert a masculine dignity that had been lost in his own tremors.

"You women," he said scornfully. "A pretty girl and a nice young man, and you no sooner see them together than you're preparing colic medicine for the baby."

Minnie Durfee drew herself up; she matched her husband's scorn with her own dignity.

"Just because, Tom Durfee, I'm your wife, you needn't get loose in your language," she said.

Out on the porch, unconscious that his servants had practically settled his future, Meridew looked at the girl. She was dressed in some sort of dinner frock, cut low enough to reveal her tender shoulders and a good portion of her really superb back. The dress was blue, and Meridew, who wasn't sure that blue dresses became brunettes as a rule, knew that this frock was most becoming to this girl.

"I wonder that anyone can entice you out of the city," said Myrna. "It's cooler here than anywhere else."

"If it weren't for swimming and golf I wouldn't want to go," he said. "Although a man doesn't want to become a hermit."

She smiled most flatteringly.

"I find few signs of the eremite about you," she said. "But the idea has possibilities. A monastery on a skyscraper. I wonder that no one has thought of that. Way up here, looking down upon the foolishly striving city—the monks would feel most superior."

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Harold Von Schmidt

Sydney rode ahead, driving the burros. To Kalispel she was an object of adoration

Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

IN A REMOTE valley of the wild Saw Tooth Range, Sam Emerson, a prospector, and his two brothers—Jake and Kalispel—find gold. Jake leaves at once for Boise, where he hopes to raise capital for the development of a mine. Kalispel (a reckless cowboy notorious for his escapades and shooting scrapes) goes to Salmon, a mining town, to purchase supplies. Sam remains in the valley.

A wild town, Salmon. Almost at once, Kalispel becomes involved in trouble. At the Spread Eagle, a dance hall, he meets a girl known as "Nugget," who asks him to dance with her. A man strides up, orders the girl away. A brief altercation follows. . . . Later, at his rooming-house, Kalispel hears a girl scream. He rushes to her room, where he finds an intruder whom he promptly knocks downstairs. The victim, he presently learns, is Cliff Borden, part owner of the Spread Eagle, an investor in mining claims, and a power in the community.

The girl, Sydney Blair, and her father (an Easterner of considerable means) are deeply grateful to Kalispel. And Sydney, to whom he reveals much of his exciting and none-too-savory past, makes no effort to conceal her admiration for him. . . . Another exciting encounter—with Hank Lowrie, an old enemy from Montana—now follows. Borden, it appears, has had Lowrie sworn in as a sheriff so that he can arrest Kalispel on a charge of cattle-rustling. Kalispel declines, however, to submit to arrest. A stormy interview follows, Lowrie accusing him of numerous crimes. Kalispel orders Lowrie to get out of Salmon and Borden to "steer clear" of him. . . . Later, in his room, Kalispel finds a note. It is from Sydney Blair who, having witnessed the entire episode, wishes him to know she has faith in him. "Avoid those men," the note ends, "*for my sake*." . . . That night, Kalispel has supper with the Blairs. The girl shows plainly that she cares for him. "I trust you," she says. "I'd go anywhere with you."

"That," Kalispel exclaims, "makes this hour the biggest of my life." He lowers his voice, and leans far over the table. "*Now, listen*," he whispers.

III

DAYS ago," Kalispel began, "my two brothers an' I struck gold over here in a valley of the Saw Tooth Mountains. It is rich diggin's. There'll be a million in gold dust panned out of that valley, an' no tellin' how much from the quartz lode. . . .

"We left Sam there. My brother Jake has gone to Boise to sell a half interest in our quartz mine. We're askin' one hundred thousand. I am here to pack in supplies. We planned to keep the strike secret as long as possible. That won't be very long. Such strikes leak out. There'll be the wildest gold stampede Idaho ever saw. But we'll have time to clean up a fortune before the rush."

"My word!" ejaculated Blair incredulously. "Great! You sound like a book! No wonder you upset poor Sydney!"

"Blair, will you pack in there with me?" asked Kalispel.

"Will I? Say, do you mean accept a chance like this—on an outlay of a few hundred dollars?"

"I reckon that's what I mean."

"But why offer strangers such a wonderful opportunity?" asked Blair, gravely.

"There's more gold than we can ever dig—an' the idea appeals to me."

"Have you fallen in love with my daughter?"

"Oh—Dad!" gasped Sydney. A burning blush obliterated the whiteness of her face. "How perfectly terrible of you!" She tried to hide the hot cheeks with her hands. "Kalispel—please don't mind his rudeness."

Kalispel suffered for her poignant embarrassment, but the feeling was nothing compared to the torment of his own emotions. He had laid a trap for himself. He wanted to base this whole interview and offer upon his honesty, his sincerity.

"BLAIR, you call my hand—pretty hard," he replied, with strong agitation. "I—I reckon I have . . . but I mean I never knew it till this minute. . . . That needn't make any difference to you an' Miss Sydney."

"Hell, as you Westerners say," exclaimed Blair, frankly. "You needn't apologize for it. Lord knows I'm used to men falling in love with Sydney. She had three proposals on the way out here. Kalispel, shake on the deal."

"Wait. I've a little more to tell," returned Kalispel, deeply stirred. "Here's my story: I was born on a farm in Missouri. My mother died when I was little. My father married again. I wasn't happy after that. When I was fourteen I ran away from home. Joined a wagon-train. At Laramie, Wyomin', I got in a fight an' left the wagon-train. I'd been used to horses all my life an' naturally I became a cowboy. I rode all over Wyomin', in some of the hardest outfits on the ranges. Then I drifted to Montana, an' the same applied there. My quickness with guns, my getting in trouble, especially over some girl, earned me a name I wish I could shake. . . .

"That range ridin' of mine lasted ten years. I'm nearin' twenty-seven now. My brothers, Sam an' Jake, had been prospectin' gold in Montana. They got wind of my shootin' scrape at Kalispel, an' they hunted me up, an' persuaded me to quit the ranges. So I went with them, an' after long, discouraging months we made this strike over here in the mountains. . . . I can't see anything but a fortune for all of us. Wal, when I get mine, I'll buy a ranch. I have the place picked out up the Salmon, a beautiful valley where the river makes a bend, an' there are groves an' lines of trees, long, low slopes for cattle grazin' an', in short, just the most amazin', wonderful ranch in the West. I'll settle in there an' live down this Kalispel name. . . . Now that's about all to tell. I just wanted you to know."

"Emerson, I appreciate your frankness and confidence," said Blair, warmly. "You didn't say so, but I gather that you're not so black as you were painted. . . . And here's my hand."

SYDNEY offered hers without hesitation. Kalispel could only press the soft little hand in his. In that moment he could not trust to speech.

"I thank you, too," she said, softly. "I'm sure I understand your wish to tell us. This West must indeed be a savage, bloody country. But even if you had been wilder than you intimated—that would not mean anything to me. It is what you are *now!*"

Kalispel's heart swelled with the contact of her hand and the significance of her words. The future seemed to beckon with enchanted promise. After all the wasteful years he had his chance for

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The same old Fight

Presidential candidates and party platforms declare against prohibition, but nothing changes for Mrs. Ella A. Boole. She is serving her eighth consecutive term as national president of the W. C. T. U. She has been fighting against liquor in America for nearly fifty years. Liquor doesn't change, she says; it's the same old fight

By Owen P. White

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, national president of the W. C. T. U., who leads a half-million women in the fight to save prohibition

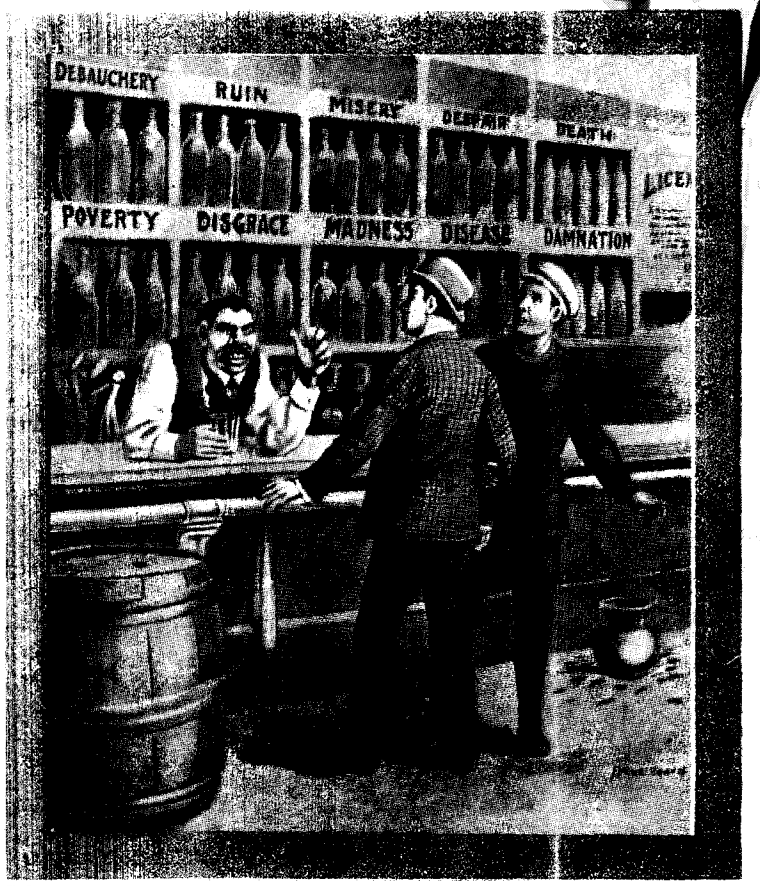
International

IN 1884 Mrs. Ella Alexander Boole felt the first surge of temperance enthusiasm enter into her soul. On August 11, 1932, as she sat in Seattle listening to the acceptance speech broadcast from Washington by Mr. Hoover, who had been only four years ago the avowed champion of prohibition, she thought she heard the clatter and smash of an idol which destroys itself. But the little gods may fall, the faith remains. Prohibition to Mrs. Boole is a means to an end. Temperance is her cause. She has always fought for it and will continue so long as she lives. Her fight is a winning one.

I asked Mrs. Boole about the drinking habits of the American people.

"Why, of course," she answered, "the American people drink far less than they used to."

I know of no one so well qualified as Mrs. Boole to make such a statement. She has been in the long fight against liquor for nearly fifty years, longer than anyone else in America. Her work for the cause started the first year after her marriage, when her husband, a Methodist preacher, conducted a campaign of camp meetings, in western New York, for temperance. Mrs. Boole had had her own successes in oratory—it was in that alone, she told me with a smile, that she shone at college—and she devoted herself heart and soul to the temperance cause in America. That same year of 1884 she became a state officer in the New York W. C. T. U., and now she is serving her eighth consecutive term as its national president. This will be her second year as president of the World W. C. T. U.



Culver Service

A typical anti-liquor cartoon published in 1908

Mrs. Boole is, I suppose, an old lady. In her activity, the sprightliness of her mind and her keen sense of humor she is younger than most of us.

I went to call on her in her house in Brooklyn, where a colored maid ushered me into a mid-Victorian parlor—a room that carried me back thirty years to the day when I visited a certain gentle great-aunt who used to plead with me not to look upon the wine when it was red. In a few minutes Mrs. Boole came into the room. She is large, dignified, perfectly assured. Her step is vigorous. Twice while we talked she needed reference material and, regardless of the two secretaries in attendance in the next room, she ran upstairs herself to look for it.

The only sign of age she showed in the two interviews she allowed me is possibly less an indication of years than of a slight prejudice. She avoids a polished floor. Four separate times I watched her walk into a hallway and around through a side reception-room into the parlor rather than come directly across the hall, presumably because the devious route was paved with continuous rugs, while in the shorter line she would have had to cross a bare, waxed floor.

Mrs. Boole is not a fanatic. I told her that the right man had been sent to call on her.

"Why?" she asked.

I answered: "Because, Mrs. Boole, all my life I have lived in an atmosphere of drink and I know all about the evils of dissipation."

"Then you have found out," she said, "that temperance pays better than intemperance."

That remark reveals Mrs. Boole. Her interest in the individual is her interest in humanity. Prohibition to her is merely a large step toward temperance, and her sincerity can no more be questioned than can that of her noble predecessors, Susan B. Anthony and Frances Willard.

In Mrs. Boole's reply to Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech this year, which was also her own acceptance of her election to her eighth term as W. C. T. U. president, she advised all women to fight to maintain every inch of ground that the Eighteenth Amendment has gained. Four years ago she heard Herbert Hoover in his first message as Presidential candidate refer to prohibition as a great social experiment, noble in its purpose of protection for the home, and she instantly hailed him as the great leader and savior long sought by her cause.

Her acknowledgment of Mr. Hoover's leadership was no idle gesture. Before his own national campaign committee of 1928 had even rented offices, her trumpet call had gone out to her faithful women to do battle to elect him, and the five hundred thousand white-ribboned followers had taken the field. Under Mrs. Boole as general, in every state of the Union and especially in the South, the W. C. T. U. was urging women to forget party lines and fight for a candidate simply and solely because he was a dry.

Two million portraits of that dry candidate, along with ten million copies of the legislative liquor record of his wet

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The Hard Case

A drama of the sea, wherein a Yank from the forecastle takes command of the barque Kenyon

By S. B. H. Hurst

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

THE Kenyon was booming around the Cape of Good Hope, bound for Calcutta—"running the easting down." . . . She was doing nearly eleven knots, the wind on her quarter. . . . In his cabin, Captain Prideau had been watching the "telltale" compass. He had noticed how beautifully his barque was being steered.

"It's the second mate's watch on deck," he muttered. "And from the way she's going it must be that hard-case Yank at the wheel."

He went on deck, and found that his guess was correct. At the wheel stood a man in what was called a "singlet"—a thin undershirt—a pair of dungaree pants, bare feet. He was blue with cold. It can be quite cold south of the Cape of Good Hope.

Prideau looked into the binnacle. Then he did something quite unusual for him. He turned and spoke to the man at the wheel upon matters not concerned with steering.

"I have seen lots of hard cases in my fifty years at sea," he said. "Men that went about without clothes—just from pride at being able to stand the cold. . . . They all died of rheumatism! Better get the steward to fix you up from the slop chest—if you need clothes!"

The Yank was the smartest sailor in the ship, and one of the best Prideau had ever seen at sea.

"I'm all right, thank you, sir," he said.

"They tell me you were on that Greely Relief Expedition," went on the captain.

"Yes, sir. United States Navy."

"A cruel business for Greely's brave fellows," said the captain.

"Yes, sir," agreed the Yank.

Prideau said no more. He went below again.

The Yank was not very popular among his mates in the forecastle. The other men courted no trouble with him because of his active, well-trained fists. Their dislike of him was due to jealousy. He was so smart a sailor, so fast and strong aloft that he made the rest of the sailors seem slow. Where the other men, merchant seamen trained on merchant ships, were accustomed to go aloft at a walk, the Yank, Navy-trained, *ran*. He would be on the fore-topsail yard, for instance, before the rest of the watch were over the top or in the topmast rigging.

Then, too, he had a positive genius for "fancy work"—which means such nice, clever sailor work as cross-pointing, making manropes, the many sorts of knots and splices which are a sailor's pride. Because he did such things much better and with greater speed than the other men of the Kenyon, he naturally was given this most desirable work. When other men were holystoning decks the Yank would be doing artistic and enjoyable things . . . more cause for jealousy.

THE officers, of course, wished they had a full crew of Yanks like him, but, except for the afterguard, he had only one friend. This was the ship's boy—a mere child who kept the time and struck the bells. This boy, a devoted hero-worshiper, emulating the Yank, would run his small legs off trying to keep up with his hero when sail was being taken in. He adored the hard case. He even tried to go about in such scanty raiment as did that man of the Greely Relief—until the Yank, who never took any care of himself, talked to the boy like a cross between a father and a Dutch uncle, explaining that a boy must get his growth before attempting to show the rest of the ship that clothes in too great abundance were a distinct sign of effeminacy.

The Kenyon continued to boom towards the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope. The wind kept steady, and all was well. Going eleven knots meant that the barque was running before a fresh gale.

It was the middle watch on deck—from midnight to 4 A. M. The ship's boy, tired of walking the poop, walked forward. Coming around the deckhouse he heard a voice saying toughly: "And we'll settle that damned Yank!"

The boy stopped in his tracks. The barque was rolling through it, but he balanced himself easily on the lively deck, never making a sound. Eavesdropping was to this boy a dirty business. But, on the other hand, he had heard a man named Willis, whom he did not like, making threats against his hero.

"It's all fixed with Sails!"

AGAIN the voice of Willis floating along the booming wind. . . . The boy felt rather sick. "Sails" meant the sailmaker—a petty officer, one of the afterguard. . . . What was Sails doing—plotting with the men forward from whom, except when on duty, he was supposed to remain aloof? . . . And they were plotting against the Yank.

Just what did it mean? The harried boy could guess at many things. But what could he do? If he told of what he had heard, he would become that lowest of things—a talebearer aboard a ship. He was only a child, fifteen years old. He was bravely trying to keep back his tears when he went aft to strike six bells—and his brain was in seething torment. He could not speak to the Yank, for the Yank was at the wheel. The Argus-eyed mate would raise hell if he tried to speak to the man at the wheel. Furthermore, as a boy training to be an officer, a member of the afterguard, an officer in embryo, he was not supposed to talk privately with the men before the mast. . . . He also knew that the Yank would only laugh if he was told of any threats—the Yank could take care of himself. . . . And what did Willis mean? What did they intend to do?

The tortured child leaned on the poop rail and faced a problem beyond him. . . . And it was such hard work keeping awake. . . . Four hours on deck, and a broken four hours below—day after day. A hard life for a man, terrible for a child. The boy nodded, caught himself—then he slept uneasily on the rail. . . .

He was awakened roughly by the mate. The mate had gone through a boy's life on a sailing ship in his time, and, while he might sympathize, duty was duty, and to fall asleep when on duty was in the nature of a crime.

"Are you going to let the second mate's watch have all night in?"

The rough question, the grip on the boy's shoulder.

"No, sir!"

THE child shuddered the reply, greatly ashamed of himself. He had slept in his watch on deck. The sailors might seek a "soft plank," but the boy was a small officer! . . . He ran and struck one bell—quarter to four. . . . The dark seemed to flow across the sea on the bosom of the wind. . . . Then he ran below to call the second mate.

Eight bells! . . . "Relieve the wheel and look-out!" The mate gave the order. . . . The worried boy sought his bunk. The second mate took the course, the mate started to walk down the poop ladder. At that moment pandemonium broke out forward of the deckhouse.

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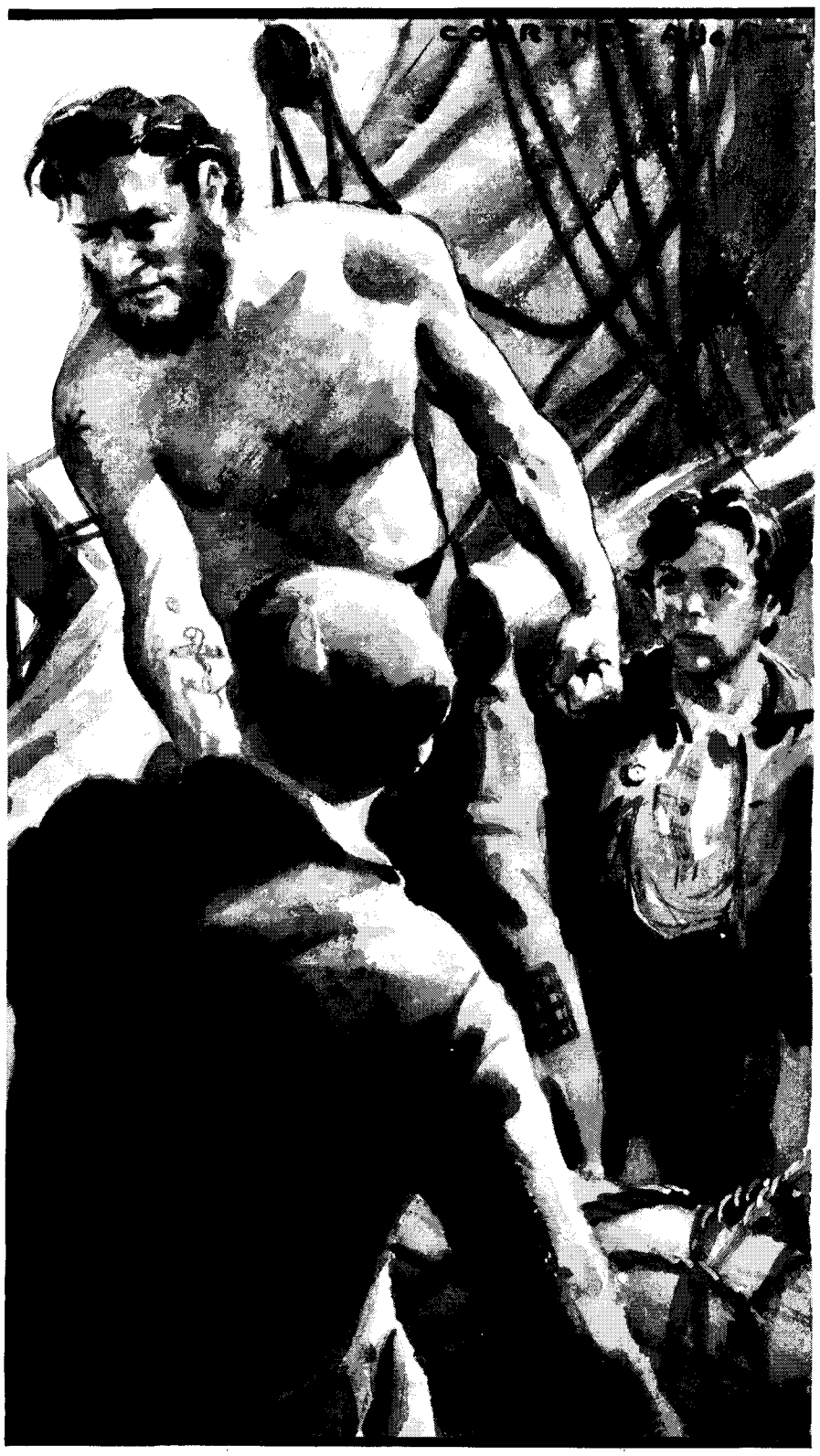

The mate was puzzled. "What's all this about?" he demanded

One of the most nerve-racking things an officer could face—a fight, nothing barred, among the sailors, disturbing the quiet of a dark morning. . . . An unreal quality about it, a dread fear—as if some ancient thing had crawled on board from the depths and was killing men.

The sleepy mate roused to action.

"What in hell's the matter with you bloody men?" he shouted, jumping to the main deck, running forward—entirely unarmed.

"The Yank's killing the sailmaker!"

THE answer met the officer as he ran forward. Then a chorus—like a pack of dogs loosed upon one that was down. And a voice, that of Willis:

"Don't let him kill Sails!"

The mate ran into a tangle of men—for both watches were on deck. In the dim light the officer saw the sailmaker sitting on the forehatch making a fuss about his head. The rest of the sailors were valorously fighting the raging Yank, whose singlet had been torn from a mighty chest. Aft, the second mate and captain, the boy and the rest of the afterguard were coming into action—running forward.

The mate waded in, pushing, shoving, pulling but not striking. He was like a safety man trying to stop a play. With dramatic suddenness the men lifted from the Yank.

"Here he is, sir!" said Willis.

The mate was puzzled. But he was no psychologist. He faced the infuriated Yank and demanded, "What in hell's all this about?"

"He tried to kill me!" wailed the sailmaker.

"He did a damned poor job, then!" rasped the mate.

Finding eighteen men beating up the Yank had swung the officer's sympathies away from the savers. At this moment Captain Prideau arrived.

"Well?" he asked in his cold, level voice.

A dozen men started to talk. Prideau interrupted, and the voices died.

"I am asking the sailmaker," said the captain. "What were you doing out of your bunk at this time of day? . . . And how did this start?"

The sailmaker shivered. His voice quavered. Prideau took the man's face between his hands.

"You are not hurt," he said coldly. Back in the Old Man's honest soul was the fact that the Yank was a fine sailor. Also he sensed something he could not get at. "Answer, Sails!" he demanded.

"Sir," the sailmaker made a fine to-do about answering. And it came over Prideau that the Yank had once derided the sailmaker about the slowness of his work, and offered to show him how to turn in a wire cringle in some short space of time.

The Yank stood silent, his face a mask of bruises, shivering with anger—held in check in his captain's presence by the wholesome discipline he had learned in the Navy of America. The puzzled mate had released his arm. He now turned on the sailmaker.

"Answer the captain, you!" he growled, ignoring the fact that Sails, a petty officer, was a member of the afterguard.

"Sir!" The sailmaker was like a criminal with a ruthless prosecuting attorney cross-examining him.

"Go on, answer!" rasped the mate. "Why would any man bother to hit a thing like you?"

"There was bad blood . . ." the conspirator Willis began.

The mounting anger of the mate turned on Willis.

"Shut up, you!" he snarled. "Now then, Sails—answer the captain!"

"I just came out, sir, to go for'ard—when this Yank, Sinclair, ups and hits me!"

"Yes?" said the mate.

"Then the men turned to help me, sir!"

"What's your story, Sinclair?" the captain asked the Yank.

"THAT liar says I hit him!" The Yank's voice was like a saw. "Hit *him!* . . . If I had he would be—but, by God, I will!"

With this he stepped towards the sailmaker, with a straight left. But he did not hit the sailmaker. The man cringed. He was too slow to dodge. The rapidly moving mate pushed him to one side, stepping in between the Yank and his prey. And the mate took that straight left on the chin and went down and out.

There was a simultaneous gasp from all hands—for all hands and the cook were grouped there. Then, clear as ice from Captain Prideau: "Carpenter, put that man in irons! Mr. Second Mate, help the carpenter!"

"No help needed, Captain!" the Yank spoke, angry, amazed, bewildered, abashed at striking an officer, even though it had been an accident. "Put the irons on! I'd rather be in irons than mix with the rotten crowd in this forecastle!"

He held out his hands. The carpenter snapped on the handcuffs. They took him to a small room amidships and locked him in—where he would remain on bread and water until such time as the captain decided he had been sufficiently punished.

The boy was not there when they ironed his idol. He had run aft, sobbing. But with a great plan. What did it matter what happened to him if he could help the Yank? Bread and water and no tobacco—such was the Yank's sentence. . . . The boy tore the pillowcase off his pillow in his bunk. All hands were still forward. There was no steward aft to guard the sacred cabin stores. The boy slipped like a shadow into the steward's pantry and filled that pillowcase with every delicacy he could lay his hands on. He added a plug of tobacco for good measure. Then he went back to his bunk.

Slowly the tumult died. The watch below turned in. The watch on deck went about its duties. All was clear when the boy left his bunk and crept forward to the room in the deckhouse where the Yank was confined. The port had been left open for ventilation.

"Yank?" the boy whispered.

"Yes, what is it? Oh, you, eh, kid?"

"Yes! Here, get hold of this!"

And the boy began pushing the well-filled pillowcase through the porthole. . . .

"You young idiot," the Yank was growling affectionately. "Do you know what you've done? You, a boy training to be an officer?"

For a moment the boy did not speak. The enormity of his offense was greater than that of robbing a church. Then he whispered, "I don't . . . I don't give a damn!"

"You darned young fool," drawled the Yank, a catch in his voice. And the boy went back to his bunk feeling as honored as if he had been given the accolade of a king.

SEVEN bells—half past seven—and the watch below turning out to get breakfast before going on deck. The boy had not slept during his watch below. Now he left his bunk filled with great resolution, and walked up the poop ladder. Captain Prideau had just come on deck with his sextant to take sights for longitude. The boy approached him timidly.

"Well, son, good morning!" Prideau smiled genially.

"Good morning, sir!"

The boy fidgeted, wondering how to begin.

"What is it, son?"

"Sir . . . I . . . have something to tell you!"

His voice left him.

"About what?" prompted Prideau.

"About . . . I don't want to be carrying yarns, sir . . . but . . . it's about that trouble in the last watch!"

Captain Prideau put his sextant to his eye. He brought the image of the sun down to the dancing horizon. He clamped it there. Then he looked at the wake, drenched with sunlight. A beautiful day, as sometimes happens with a strong gale blowing. He turned to the boy.

"Tell me all about it, son."

And the boy told all he knew.

The captain nodded gravely. Then he shouted through the cabin skylight to the mate, who was waiting at the chronometer for Prideau to call "Time" when he got the altitude.

"Come up here a minute, please, Mr. Morris!"

"Yes, sir!"

The mate came up the companion. He saw the boy. "Better go and get your breakfast," he said, reacting naturally to a boy—strange sight!—on the poop in his watch below.

"Yes," interjected Prideau. "He will get his breakfast—with me in the cabin! . . . In the meanwhile . . . you remember, when we put the Yank in irons last night—didn't things seem queer, sort of not shipshape, to you?"

The mate looked into the captain's eyes. . . .

"They did, sir!"

The captain turned to the boy.

"Tell him, son, what you told me!"

THE boy told his tale again. As he told it he was aware of a cold, unhappy feeling in his stomach. He was thinking of his robbing of the steward's pantry—and its possible, probable consequences.

"So!" said the mate briefly.

"Yes, sir!" said the boy. He took a deep breath and added bravely, "He hit you by accident! Sir, the Yank would rather die than hit an officer! . . . You know . . . he is a Navy man! It was an accident! He was mad, and was going to hit that square-head sailmaker! . . .

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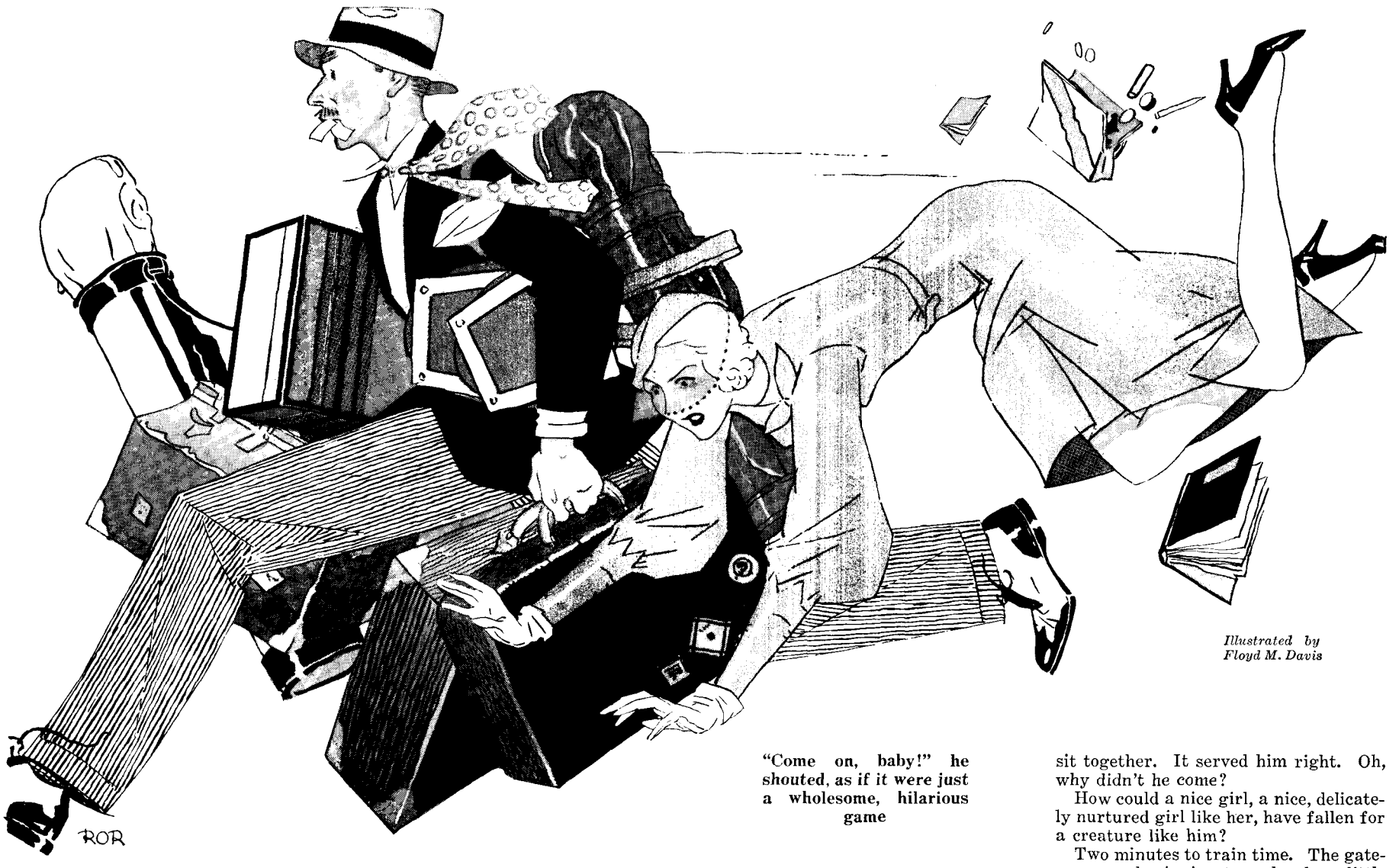

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

"Come on, baby!" he shouted, as if it were just a wholesome, hilarious game

Three Little Words

By George F. Worts

You can get away with anything—even with a girl like Patricia—if you're good enough. Watch this fellow Mike

TEN minutes to train time. And he wasn't here yet. Well, that, Patricia reflected, was a relief. That was just swell. That was, in fact, perfectly grand. He wouldn't have to stand around waiting for her. Men these days didn't care for girls they had to stand around waiting for. Men didn't care for these haughty creatures who came mincing down a wide staircase, two hours late, as if they were queens. Men liked their women on time.

Patricia glanced across the shuttling people, at the clock over the information booth. The minute hand jumped. Nine minutes to train time. She looked at her luggage. Three suitcases, a golf bag, and a pair of tennis rackets in stretchers and green felt cases. Everything was all set. Everything was just dandy.

She looked down at herself. She really looked marvelous. Her new pistachio crêpe dress was cool and slim. It made her figure look like a million dollars. She'd bet she was the coolest-looking girl in Grand Central station, and perhaps the smartest. And her new hat was a knockout.

She substantiated this in a vanity mirror. The little teasing veil was terribly cute, and it certainly did things for her eyes. It gave her glamour. It really did. And it made her face oval and it reduced the size of her nose.

Just the same, Patricia reflected generously, you're a pretty good old nose. You've stood by me through thick and thin and you've found the way into lots of funny places.

Eight minutes to train time. She watched the crowd for a young man with a mustache—a tall young man with reddish-brown eyes and a tan mustache. She was a little alarmed at her anxiety. Not that they might miss the train. They'd catch the train, all right, all right. It was her feelings about the young man.

IT WASN'T right to be so anxious about this man. She had only known him about a month, and so far she hadn't introduced him to a soul. He was still a dark horse. No. He was really all wrong. He was hard-boiled. He was a roughneck, even if he was a Harvard man. He was a newspaper reporter who wrote scandalous things about the scandalous doings of scandalous people. And, what was worse, liked it.

Seven minutes to train time.

He said he was going to write a play. That was terribly funny. That was really a scream. Maybe he was going to write a play. A great, big, dandy "maybe." He drank, sometimes too much. And he was sometimes a little common. He called her "kid," no matter who was around, which was *gauche*, still *gauche* despite the growing popularity of that word. And he had freckles on his forehead.

Yet—in spite of all this—she had fallen. He had only to look at her, and she would almost swoon. If he touched her, she practically died. Oh, what a sap she was! It was sinful. Yet, there it was. She was dippy, simply dippy, about the man. Oh, it was all wrong! Oh, it was terrible! Oh, why had she gone and fallen for such a man? She sounded like Helen Morgan, sitting on a piano. But why did the very touch of his hand make her feel like practically dying?

Great grief, it was four minutes to train time. And no sign of him. It was like him. Always getting places the last minute. Thoughtless. Selfish. Inconsiderate. Probably in some speakeasy.

The minute hand leaped ahead another minute. The crowd for the 4:02 had thinned. All but the last-minute men were aboard. There wouldn't be any seats left. At least, they couldn't sit together. It served him right. Oh, why didn't he come?

How could a nice girl, a nice, delicately nurtured girl like her, have fallen for a creature like him?

Two minutes to train time. The gateman was beginning to make those little restless movements.

Wasn't this just marvelous? The whole evening shot. Would Nora be furious!

Patricia could see, by slightly crossing her eyes, that the tip of her nose was pink. It always betrayed her in moments of emotional stress. The rest of her face would remain calm and composed, but just let that nose scent an emotion and it was off like Man o' War. It was off like a field of polo ponies when the whistle blows. It was off like the Meadowbrook hunt.

It was lit up like a traffic light. It spelled danger, that nose did, when it lit up. It spelled danger for a man with a mustache.

After all, he was just another man with a mustache. She liked that so well she tried it again. After all, you're just another man with a mustache. It wasn't, really, very much of a mustache. It wasn't the kind of a mustache you would exactly write home about. The hairs grew rather far apart, and, with a male's sickening vanity, he made them count for the most. She wondered how it would feel to be kissed by a man with a mustache. Would it tickle, or would it prickle?

IT WAS train time!

There he came! Hah! There he came, loping across the rotunda, with tickets in his teeth, a golf bag in one hand, a suitcase in the other, his hat over one ear. He looked like an escaping burglar. The joke was on him. He was too late. They had missed the train. The gate was closing. He had lost his chance to be inspected by her friends. He had lost her.

"Come on!" he yelled. "We can make it!"

He snatched up her three suitcases, her golf bag, her tennis rackets. He was a comic-strip character of a man trying to catch a train. The train was pulling out. Didn't he see it pulling out?

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"Don't you see it pulling out?" she said.

"Come on, baby!" he yelled. That was a new one. It probably plumbed depths of feeling not approached by "kid."

Laden as he was, he snatched her hand. He yanked her through the gate. He roared, "Hey! Hold it! Hold that train!"

Heads popped out of windows. Patricia was running as she had never run in her life. She had the sense of jiggling all over, but this couldn't be so, for she, with her proud slimness, wasn't the jiggling type.

One foot slipped. She sprawled to hands and knees. The floor seemed to come up and smite her on the nose. Her knees skidded along the concrete.

"Come on, baby!" he shouted. As if it were a game. As if it were just a wholesome, hilarious game.

CURSING, Patricia got up. The palms of her hands were skinned and smarting. There were runs in both stockings. There were dirt spots or holes in her dress. The kneecaps were cursing, too. By morning there would be water on them, or she would have housemaid's knee and perhaps a charley-horse.

He snatched her hand and again took her, at a full gallop, down the platform. Her hat slid over one ear. Her heart was banging in the other. Her face was as red as a four-alarm fire.

But they made it. They leaped upon a moving platform.

"We made it!" he said triumphantly, as he opened the door.

People were turning around to stare and grin.

Patricia's eyes burned. Her cheeks burned. Her nose burned. Her knees burned. She felt that steam was rising from her in clouds. Perspiration was simply pouring from every pore. Her hat was wrecked. Her new stockings were wrecked. Her knees were ruined. Her dress was ruined. Her disposition was ruined. Her week-end was ruined.

Out of a hot mist a pair of eyes came into focus. Calm, appraising, aristocratic eyes. The eyes of Mrs. Horatio Alden Du Quesne III. Mrs. Horatio Du Quesne III, with all those heavenly millions and a social position next to none. Or, maybe, one or two places removed from none.

Mrs. Du Quesne was smiling. She was bowing. Oh, try not to laugh out loud, Mrs. Du Quesne.

Mike was asking a man if he would sit with another man so they could have his seat. The man refused. Mike asked another man, who sullenly obliged. Mrs. Du Quesne, are you listenin'? Mike is so sensitive. Just as sensitive as the sole of a trench boot.

PATRICIA withdrew to the window and silently sizzled. Mike was prattling about his play. He had suddenly got hot on the idea. He had the first two acts all doped out. The third still stumped him. He had taken that famous playwriting course at Harvard and he wanted to become a famous playwright, but third acts always stumped him. He had been hammering away on his typewriter until the very last minute.

Hah! Tripewriter, he should have said.

He prattled on, making excited gestures with his big brown paws. Never an apology. Never an excuse. Just as if he hadn't ruined her day. He took it for granted that she was delighted to ruin a pair of stockings, a hat, a dress, her knees, tomorrow's tennis, her nose, her disposition and Mrs. Du Quesne's opinion of her, to play the game of Let's Catch the Train with him.

She recalled other times, loads of them, when he had barely been on time. Men like him expected the world to stop for them. "Here I come! Wait, world!"

He fondled his mustache. Patricia was dying to say, "As far as I'm concerned, you're just another man with a mustache." She wanted to see it sink in. Would that set him back a few? But the chance didn't come. He was brandishing his fists now, working himself up to the dramatic pitch of his second-act curtain.

And Patricia suddenly became conscious that he was sitting beside her. It reached her like some powerful galvanism. It reached out and squelched her. It made her limp. Oh, what a little nitwit she was! Oh, what a little sap she was! His shoulder was lightly touching hers. By sagging a little, she could make the contact less light. . . . So she was sagging a little.

Once again, simply listening to him, simply touching his shoulder with hers, she had been reduced to the state of not caring whether he was late for trains or not, or what the Mrs. Horatio Alden Du Quesne III's of this world thought of him. It didn't make any difference. Nothing made any difference. She would have forgiven him a purple derby and green plush spats. She was a weak, witless woman. Her sigh, as she sagged against him, was one of divine content.

Patricia's sister met them at the station in the station wagon. Nora had never met Mike. Nora had insisted on the new man's being brought out for a looking-over. She seemed to like his shoulders a lot, because her eyes hesitated on them a fraction of a second, having dismissed his face as just a face —just another face with a mustache trying hard to get along.

BUT what did Nora really think of him? Nora was no sentimentalist. She was hard, crisp, and as direct as a Dempsey punch. She wasn't a little softie like Patricia. She took and gave them on the chin and loved it.

Patricia observed, as they jounced along the rocky back-country road, that Nora and Mike were sparring, as if each was wary. But when Mike saw the house in its wonderful setting, he was rapturous with honest enthusiasm. He let himself go.

He seized Patricia's arm and exclaimed: "This is grand! Boy! Isn't this wonderful, kid? Smell the flowers! Smell the new-mown kine! When my play clicks, I'm going to have a place just like it."

He made an immediate hit with Bill. Bill was the bro-in-law. Before they were in the house, Bill said, "How about a little drink?"

"Are we pygmies?" Mike drolly replied.

It looked, from where Patricia stood, like the beginning of a Websterian friendship. Bill was always having passionate enthusiasms for people and things, lasting about a minute. It was, Patricia foresaw, going to be wonderful. Oh, it was all going to be just too ducky.

She went to her room. Her cheeks still burned. Her knees throbbed. She didn't dare look at herself in a mirror until she'd taken most of her clothes off. Her knees were black and blue and red and raw and swollen and stiff and sore. She considered her image, clad in brassière and panties, and moaned. She tried not to notice her knees, because they looked like horses' knees.

(Continued on page 43)

"What is more beautiful, my friends, than the devotion of a dog for its master?"

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Personal Affair

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

To Winski the "Chink's" wife held the appeal of novelty

RED lettering on the plate-glass window spelled GEORGE W. YOUNG, but the name was merely evidence of American influence. The place was unmistakably a Chinese laundry, and Wong Yung, despite his adaptability, a Chinese. Nothing could hide the latter fact; not even the cream-colored trench coat and the cream-colored hat which, with a light gray suit and orange tie, he wore to the Chinese quarter on Sunday afternoons could disguise his origin. In other respects also he was far from what, not so long ago, could easily be recognized as a Chinese laundryman.

Along with pigtail and shiny black blouse Wong had abandoned various methods of his predecessors. The laundry slips that he issued to customers now bore, in place of mysterious Chinese characters, neatly printed Arabic numerals as well as the date, rubber-stamped in red. Instead of scrubbing over a tub he sent the clothes to a wet wash. His conversion to modern efficiency, however, was best exemplified by the ironer. Wong was proud of that ironer. He never grew tired of shoving garments under the roller and seeing them emerge, ironed smooth, at the other side. But one cloud obscured his complete joy in the thing; his best customer, Mr. Bing Winski, would have none of it. Mr. Winski made no secret of his conviction that machines would be ruinous to his expensive shirts. Unreasonable, perhaps. But Bing Winski held to an exaggerated fastidiousness.

This idiosyncrasy of his best customer, however, was scarcely enough to mar Wong's happiness. For within the year Wong had taken unto himself a wife, a tall, slim girl whose shyness concealed a proficiency in English that was far greater than Wong possessed and who, in an interval between much ironing, bundle-tying and housekeeping, had bestowed upon Wong that greatest of blessings, a man child.

Wong was very happy. Behind his flat, inscrutable face burned dreams, ambitions. His gaze often wandered to the chain grocery across the street while he pictured a chain of laundries, with his name above each one; pictured himself a prosperous, respected man and a welcome addition to that exclusive coterie that assembled in Quong Lung's rear room, men of substance, of standing. By that time, of course, he would have reached many years, but with a son to take up his father's burden and keep his parents in a life of ease.

GRADUALLY Wong became aware of a lengthening shadow across this rosy vision—the shadow of Bing Winski. At first, when Winski's visits to the laundry began to be more frequent than formerly, Wong was gratified; it pleased him to have so formidable a person as Bing Winski showing an interest in the family of Wong Yung, bringing gifts to Mrs. Wong and the man child. Then was borne upon Wong the fact that, though Winski's visits increased, no more money went into the cash drawer; that Winski was merely dividing his weekly laundry bundle into two—sometimes three—parts.

He paid more attention, therefore, to Winski's calls, glancing up from his work at the ironer to his wife, as she stood, head bent, over the ironing of things that must be done by hand. And, realizing Winski's indifference to his presence, he was filled with resentment. But it was a resentment smothered by fear. He was no match for the burly Winski, who carried blows in his hands and a gun under his arm. What could little Wong do against the man of whom the district stood in fear, a man more ruthless than ten dishonest mandarins?

To Winski the "Chink's" wife held the appeal of novelty; she was different from the painted dolls with whom he played; her shyness was an obstacle that gave a fillip to his desire. Mrs. Wong bore his blandishments in silence. She, too, was afraid. Moreover, she felt that in some unaccountable way she had brought unhappiness upon her husband. She dreaded Winski's coming to loll impudently on the pine counter that, fortunately, kept him at a distance. She dreaded his talk of which her husband, lacking her American grade-school training, could understand but little. And she dreaded the climax of these advances.

Suddenly one day it appeared that Bing Winski would come no more—not, at any rate, for a long time. Mrs. Wong it was who told her husband of the killing of the policeman, who, almost with his last breath, had whispered Winski's name. Stunned by their swift deliverance, they spoke of it with bated breath. Ruefully, Wong thought of the most recent portion of Winski's laundry, now at the wet wash; they would have to pay for the washing. Yet what did it matter? What mattered even the loss of their best customer? It was a trifling price to pay for this peace of mind. Better to begin all over again than to have the menace of such a man as Winski.

The hour was late. Among the dark shop fronts only the laundry had a light; thin yellow lines that showed below the shades on window and door. Mrs. Wong slept peacefully with the man child in the little bedroom behind the bundle shelves while Wong stood happily shoving garments through the ironer, resuming his interrupted dreams. At the sound of soft knocking on the door he lifted his head. The knocking was repeated, but Wong methodically passed through the ironer the shirt that he held. Then he went quietly to the door.

"All close' up!" he called.

THE knocking, still soft, grew insistent, and Wong pulled away the door shade from one side. Close to the glass he saw the face of Bing Winski—a furtive, desperate Winski.

"Open the door, Chink!" he commanded huskily.

"No gettum shirt done," Wong temporized. "You come Fliday."

"Open the door, I tell you!" Wong shrank from the threat in the brutal face. Reluctantly, anticipating the complications that would ensue, he unlocked the door. Winski slipped in quickly and locked the door behind him.

"Wha's malla you?" Wong demanded, stepping back.

"You gotta hide me. See? I stay right here. And, Chink, if you open your mouth—" He slipped a hand under his coat in a significant gesture. "What's out back there? Show me my room," he leered.

Something in Wong swelled with this impending violation of his hearth; some indomitable resistance, long dormant, which had come down to him from his ancestors—little warriors, maybe, of Kublai Khan. He faced a crisis. He faced a murderer, pitiless, unscrupulous, who even now was hunted by the police.

As if to lead the way, Wong turned toward the rear of his abode, toward the bright calico curtains that hung in the opening of the board partition that separated the shop from his living quarters. Passing the end of the ironer, with Winski two paces behind, he stopped.

"Hsss!" he warned, cocking an ear toward the street door. Winski whirled to listen, his back close to the ironer. Wong quickly threw a switch and, reaching across the machine, gently lifted the tail of Winski's coat and thrust it under the roller. Winski felt himself being drawn back—but it was too late. The place vibrated with his violent curses as he struggled, but he was in the inexorable grip of a machine. He was dragged onto his back, his arms lifted, high and useless. He could have been no more helpless in a strait-jacket. At Wong's touch the roller stopped, but its heat brought bellows of pain from its captive.

MRS. WONG, draped in a bright robe, timidly appeared between the calico curtains. At her low exclamation Wong turned. Awakened, the man child whimpered, but Wong arrested his wife's quick solicitude. "Go you quickly," he ordered in Chinese, "and get police."

When she, having nimbly avoided Winski's kicking legs, had passed into the street, Wong, master in his own house, turned glittering eyes upon Bing Winski. Ignoring the choking threats, the hoarse entreaties, he asked, "How you likum ironer?" And he smiled his Chinese smile.

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KILL MOUTH GERMS AND ENJOY *better health*

In your mouth—in every normal mouth—millions of bacteria breed. Among them are frequently found the dangerous germs associated with colds, catarrh, and sore throat.

Your common sense tells you that the cleaner you keep the surfaces of your mouth, and the more bacteria you kill, the less the danger of infection.

Twice-a-day gargling with Listerine is a simple, pleasant formula for maintaining oral health.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it begins to kill germs. When the liquid is expelled after gargling, it carries with it millions of bacteria swept from mouth and throat surfaces.

Remember that, although it kills germs, full strength Listerine is pleasant and safe in action. Contrast its safe action with that of untried mouth washes so harsh they damage delicate membranes.

Make up your mind to guard yourself against ordinary colds and sore throat. Gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night. By so doing, you fight mouth infections and at the same time you know that you are rendering your breath sweet and agreeable.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

in SORE THROAT *weather*
gargle with LISTERINE *twice daily*

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A plain statement of facts concerning

ANTI-FREEZE

Important Information for the Protection of Car Owners

IN AN EFFORT TO CLEAR UP the confusion regarding anti-freeze, which appears to exist in the minds of many consumers, we give below the outstanding facts. The following statements are guaranteed to be correct and accurate in every particular. They are supported by the highest scientific authorities.

THE problem of preventing freezing in the cooling systems of automobiles during the cold weather months was one that taxed the ingenuity of car owners for many years. Salt, honey, alcohol, kerosene, glycerine and many other products and by-products were used with varying success. Within the past few years, however, there has been developed a new product, a product specially designed for this one use and purpose.

That product is Eveready Prestone. It is not a general commodity used principally for other purposes: *it is an anti-freeze, and* nothing else. It is a scientific development, thoroughly approved by all car manufacturers; a product which embodies all the advantages of all materials previously used, with none of their inherent weaknesses.

In developing Eveready Prestone, the laboratories of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, keeping in mind the requirements of the U. S. Bureau of Standards for an ideal anti-freeze, worked toward a product which would satisfy the following specifications:

1. It must not boil away. A boil-away anti-freeze is both an inconvenience and a poor protector against sudden changes in the weather. Such anti-freeze requires frequent renewals, and leaves the car unprotected when a cold snap follows warm weather.

2. It must be harmless to the cooling system. An anti-freeze which corrodes the cooling system is a poor product to put in a car.

3. It must be effective in preventing freezing. The effectiveness of the materials commonly used before the advent of Eveready Prestone varied over a wide range. Some were effective in preventing freezing; others were not.

4. It must not affect the car finish. The fumes of boil-away products were a source of danger to the finish of fine cars. This was a weakness which those who developed Eveready Prestone were anxious to avoid.

5. It must circulate freely at the lowest operating temperatures. A heavy, viscous material, which is not free-flowing, is obviously a poor cooling agent.

6. It must be non-inflammable and odorless. Winter driving was often made unpleasant by smelly fumes, while inflammable mixtures held the possibility of causing accidents.

7. It must not "creep". Certain materials in common use had a strong tendency to leak out of systems which were tight enough to hold water but not tight enough to hold these materials. The new product, it was felt, must have *less tendency to leak than water.* Consequently, if a car could hold water it would hold the anti-freeze.

8. It must be packaged as a concentrated product. Many of the products which the public was using, because of their thick, heavy nature in the concentrated form, were sold as water-diluted solutions. The cost of canning and shipping plain water was thus borne by the public. Obviously, if a concentrated product could be packaged and sold the user could be saved that expense. Furthermore, the public had no way of telling how much of these diluted solutions was anti-freeze material and how much was ordinary water. Some brands contained as much as 55% plain water: others contained less. It was decided, therefore, that the new product must be concentrated. Thus the public could be sure of buying a standard product, always the same and always of known value.

9. It must be economical. The laboratories which developed the new product were not interested in low first-cost per gallon. They *were* interested in low cost per season. It was felt that car owners who had been buying boil-away anti-freeze on the installment plan, a few quarts at a time, would not object to a relatively high first-cost if the *all-season* cost were low. The new product, therefore, was priced to cost, for an average winter season, no more than the cost of boil-away anti-freeze.

Thus was developed Eveready Prestone, the only anti-freeze which meets *all* these requirements. But laboratory effort did not stop with that.

A NEW AND IMPROVED PRODUCT AT A LOWER PRICE

Further research developed the product to a point where it gave protection, not only against freezing but also against rust and corrosion in the cooling system. And such is the *new* Eveready Prestone. Its use reduces the corrosive action of water on the metals of the cooling system as follows: brass, copper, solder, aluminum and zinc, 75%; cast iron, 95%. No other "treated" anti-freeze compares with Eveready Prestone for the prevention of rust and corrosion.

The new Eveready Prestone has been reduced in price. It now offers by far the safest and most economical protection against both freezing and corrosion. The car owner who uses Eveready Prestone is assured of complete protection through all weather changes, freedom from worry and the trouble of replacements, and a clean, rust-free radiator. He insures his car, not only against a freeze-up, but also against the costly repairs that follow a rust-clogged and corroded cooling system. He prolongs the life of his car.

National Carbon Company, Inc., Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, New York, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

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Illustrated by Ray Rohn

"I wouldn't be there fifteen minutes afore a caravan bearing bottled goods was to heave into sight"

As a Man Thinketh

By Don Marquis

I SHOULD think," I suggested to the Old Soak, "that it might be a bit difficult, during these hard times, for some of you confirmed alcoholics to keep yourselves supplied with liquor."

"Liquor ain't a question of money," returned Mr. Hawley sagely. "Liquor is a question of the kind of person you happen to be. I think about liquor a good deal, and liquor just naturally flows in my direction. Laws and commandments of the Constitution has got nothing to do with it at all, or whether I'm broke or whether I'm rollin' in funds. If I was to fall out of an airyoplane into the middle of the desert of Saharey, I wouldn't be there fifteen minutes afore a caravan toting bottled goods was to heave into sight over the sand. Some people think of real estate and some people think of cash, and real estate and cash just naturally comes and nestles into their arms, like Lazarus into Abraham's bosom.

"So much liquor comes my way, in fact, that I been afraid I been drinkin' a little mite too much of it the last ten or fifteen years. The truth is, I drink more of it than I really want to drink, just to show I ain't licked by the laws. I gotto flaunt my manhood and independence somehow. I want to quit for a week or so pretty bad sometimes, but my manhood holds me to it."

"Aren't you afraid that it may form a habit," I asked him facetiously, "if you keep on like that?"

"No, sir," he returned quite seriously, "I ain't. I been drinkin' it every day for more'n fifty years, and it ain't formed a habit yet."

He drew a paper from his pocket, and continued:

"Here's a letter I got today which I'd like to have you print my answer to." The letter read:

> Is it possible that you really wish the return of The Open Saloon? Bad as conditions are at present, they would be infinitely worse if those dens of vice and iniquity should return. . . .

"Just say for me," said Mr. Hawley, "that most of the open saloons wasn't half as bad as some of the people that used to go and drink in 'em; and all of 'em would of been a good deal better if they'd had a chance. Jake Smith, when he run his barroom, used to often say to me that the curse of liquor was some of the people that drank it. In my opinion, it wasn't the saloon that made people ornery; it was ornery people that got their orneriness blamed onto the saloon. At any rate, you never seen none of these here modern drinkin' women in the saloon, like you do in speakeasies these days."

"WHY shouldn't women drink, if men do?" I asked him.

"Because they shouldn't," he returned with childish stubbornness. "Look back through hist'ry and see what happened to all them prominent drinkin' women. What happened to the Queen of Sheba? Huh? She laid her head onto the block: that's what happened to her! Look at Cleopatra—what happened to her? Huh? Amputated, likewise! And Mary, Queen of Scotch! No, sir, liquor is for men! When a man comes home tired out in the evenin' from talkin' big business deals, he wants things neat and orderly, and somethin' tasty to throw his lip over, not any drunken woman reelin' in with paper dishes from a delicatessen.

"One trouble with the country today is that more women is jouncin' cocktail-shakers on their knees than is jouncin' babies."

▲ ▼ ▲

"I haven't studied the issues
In this campaign very thoroughly,"
Confessed the donkey.
"I think they are financial," said the elephant.
"Mister Hoover is planning to save
A lot of money for the people."
"Your people or my people?" inquired the donkey.
"According to who gets in this time," said the elephant.
"I suppose it is going to cost a lot
To organize all the commissions and things

Which will be necessary to save the money," said the donkey.
"Oh, naturally," said the elephant,
"There is nothing so difficult to finance
As an economy campaign.
It takes a lot of study to cut down expenses
And that calls for a lot of experts
At good salaries."
"Then that is all right," said the donkey.
"You will find things working out okay," said the elephant.
"No matter which one of us
Gets into office this time all we have to do
Is stick together on the financial stuff
And the other issues will take care of themselves.
Now we had better stage a row of some kind,
Or the boobs will be getting wise."

THE over-praise of books, both in advertisements and in reviews, has made me weary and disgusted. Surely there cannot be so many transcendent geniuses let loose all at the same time upon this one small planet! I wonder what would happen if some book publisher put out a line of advertisements reading somewhat as follows: "Mr. Gazinkus has written a fairly good novel, which is rather entertaining; he has sense enough to know that it is not the best novel ever written, and we don't think so ourselves, but we assure you that it is worth the $2 which we are charging for it. No universal problem is solved, and the uttermost depths of human nature have not been plumbed, but you will get out of it three hours of mental occupation of which you need not be ashamed." Such an advertisement might attract me to the point of purchase. A period of casual understatement might be a good thing for the literary racket.

▲ ▼ ▲

A bulletin from Archy, who started weeks ago hitch-hiking across the country from California to New York, accompanied by Mehitabel and the seven platinum-blond kittens she acquired in Hollywood:

still somewhere in arizona
sometime in october
sand storm struck us yesterday
i peeped out from under a rock
and saw mehitabel dancing
and singing as follows
ive got a rock in my eye
and a scorpion in my gizzard
but what does an artist care
for a bit of red hot blizzard
my feet are full of cactus
there are blisters in my hair
but howl storm howl
what does a trouper care
i got a thirst like a mummy
i got a desert chill
but cheerio my dearie
theres a dance in the old dame still
two more of the kittens disappeared
well i got three left said mehitabel
poor little dears i am afraid
they will never reach broadway
unless they learn how to get milk
from the cactus plants damn them
their appetites are spoiling my figure
a lot of encouragement a dancer gets
from her family i must say
any other artist i know would tell them
to go wean themselves on alkali
and be done with them but my great weakness
is my maternal instinct
boss i made nearly a mile today
before the sand storm blew me back
i hear texas is a thousand miles across
archy

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NEW $29.50 Ciné-Kodak

CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT *is small, simple, complete. A real full-fledged movie camera. Price only $29.50 . . . and it cuts*

Ciné-Kodak EIGHT

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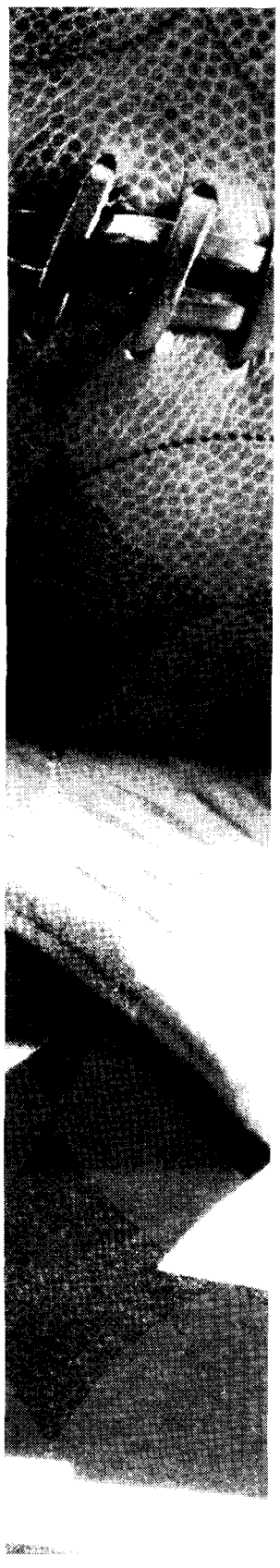
cuts film cost nearly 2/3



film cost exactly 62½%.

A new movie camera using a new film . . . based upon a wholly new principle

IT'S HERE. The most important news since the beginning of home movies. A flash you've been wishing for and waiting for.

A Ciné-Kodak anybody can afford.

And a film that gives you movies at a fraction of former cost.

Ciné-Kodak EIGHT is complete and dependable. Yet entirely new in principle. Every foot of film does the work of four. A 25-foot roll at $2.25 runs as long on the screen as the usual hundred-foot roll at $6. Saving you exactly 62½%.

Your dealer has typical movies made with Ciné-Kodak EIGHT

You get this amazing little camera for only $29.50, and you pay no federal tax; Eastman pays it.

Kodascope EIGHT projects the pictures . . . strong and steady . . . yet sells at only $22.50.

Any Ciné-Kodak dealer will be delighted to show you the "EIGHT". . . and a sample of the splendid movies it makes at nearly two-thirds saving. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

● THE NEW PRINCIPLE

Ciné-Kodak Eight makes a special 25-foot film, 16 mm. wide, do the work of 100 feet. It runs the film past the lens twice, leaving two separate rows of images along its full length. Eastman finishes this 25-foot 16 mm. film, slits it, splices it, and returns it to you as a single 50-foot 8 mm. film, ready to project in Kodascope Eight. Cost of finishing is included in the price of the film.

Movies with Ciné-Kodak EIGHT *are as easy as snapshots with a Brownie*

Eastman's NEW PRINCIPLE *Movie Camera*

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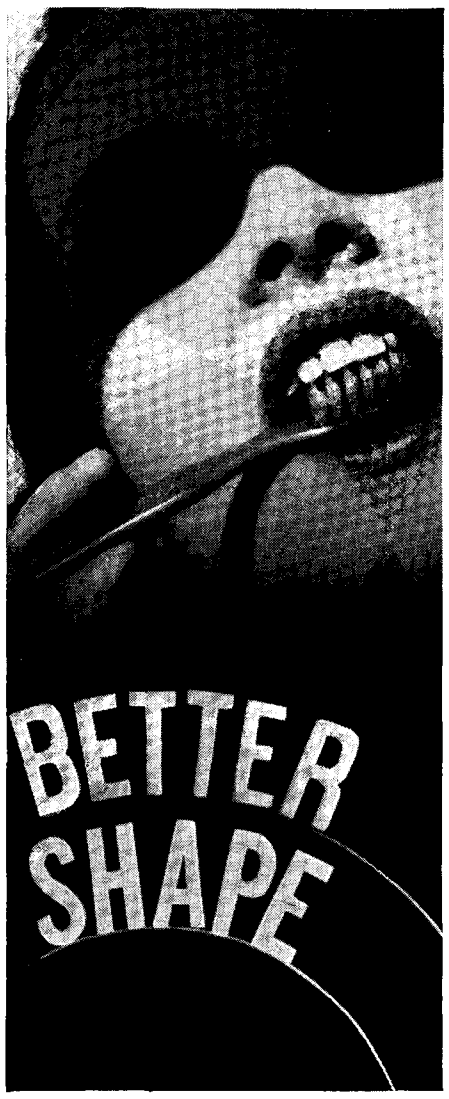

plus
Better Bristles
yet Tek costs
no more than
old-fashioned
brushes!

● Laboratory-selected bristles, scientifically spaced and trimmed to reach easily—and clean efficiently—every tooth. That's Tek. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, guaranteed. Tek 50¢. Tek Jr. 25¢... *Your druggist is more than a merchant—try the drug store first.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern tooth brush

The Hoover-Roosevelt Fight in the East

Continued from page 11

was pleading his case before Governor Roosevelt and again when he resigned his office rather than go through with it, hasty judgment painted a dismal picture for Roosevelt. Tammany had been offended. Tammany Hall would brook no such interference with its rule and no man might hope for its support who thus humiliated one of its most powerful and spectacular elders.

In Chicago the able and globular Mr. John H. McCooey, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, had been made National Committeeman—a neat bit of work from the deft hand of Mr. Roosevelt's chief of staff, Mr. Farley, the new Democratic National Chairman. In the teeming Bronx, the Democratic leadership was vested in an equally clever politician, Mr. Edward J. Flynn, who had flouted Tammany by announcing for Governor Roosevelt long before the Chicago convention.

The New York Vote

Between these two powerful gentlemen, both committed either by personal preference or conferred honor to Mr. Roosevelt, sat Mr. John F. Curry, the titular master of Tammany Hall. In other days, when Tammany was younger, bolder, less sensitive, such bosses as Tweed, Murphy and Croker would have glowered a bit and then issued orders for the political execution of the governor. In the old days a mayor wouldn't have quit under fire, anyway. But Tammany has gone soft with fat living. And Mr. Curry was never in any particular a Croker or a Murphy. He must have believed that himself when he beheld the reunion of Al Smith and Franklin Roosevelt in Albany.

Mr. Curry may have been thinking of just that when he not only endorsed the national ticket (which may not mean much as Tammany promises go) but also was pleased to accept the important post of New York member of the Roosevelt campaign finance committee.

The measure of Roosevelt's fortunes in his home state is in the support he receives in New York City. He will win or lose the state there. Mr. McCooey predicts an overwhelming victory for him. Mr. Curry says that John McCooey is nearly always right. None of the Republicans worth listening to give Mr. Hoover a chance in the great city.

From upstate, normally Republican, came whole bales of information about the temper of the citizenry. In ordinary elections Democratic candidates were wont to arrive at the boundaries of New York City anywhere from 250,000 to 300,000 votes behind the Republican aspirant. The news from upstate New York indicated something quite different for the approaching November.

In the West several gentlemen—farmers and merchants—scoffed at the idea that anyone from New York should understand the real meaning of the business depression.

"How do you men from New York know what the depression's like?" demanded an Iowa hog-raiser. "You ain't got anything to worry about. You got all the money and you pay us what you feel like because we can't help ourselves."

"Who told you that?" I asked.

"Hell," he replied, "I don't have to be told. Ask any farmer. Brookhart may be a clown but he's right about that. Read the newspapers."

Yet, in spite of that, New York State has suffered the evils of the depression. Her dairy farmers are as flat as Wisconsin's. Her apple-growers are even worse off than Virginia's. Her farmers occupy the current low estate of farmers in Kansas and Iowa, to say nothing of Nebraska and Texas. And their protests are just as melancholy.

So, from upstate, Mr. Curry of Tammany Hall learned that it is not at all unlikely that Mr. Hoover will come down to New York City on November 8th with a tremendously reduced majority over Mr. Roosevelt, who has not only been a wholly adequate governor but whose understanding of the farmers of New York is wide and active. And in New York City, as in the other urban centers, unemployment is demoralizingly general.

The basis of the Republican hope for New York is the lukewarmness of the average New Yorker for his own governor. Frankly, Mr. Roosevelt is not a popular man in the political sense. He lacks that quality of magnetism that jerks cheers out of the hard-boiled. New York City regards him as something of an amateur; and New York City's no place for amateurs at anything. Wall Street is scared of him, which doesn't hurt him a bit outside. Besides, Wall Street is scared of practically everything, an arrant coward. Too, there is an aura of the moral reformer about Mr. Roosevelt, there is something naïve, even juvenile, brightly polite. And New York City just doesn't love him. On this the Republicans count heavily—much more than upon a possible acceptance of Mr. Hoover and his program. New York is a money town—whether the populace has any or not. Mr. Hoover talks its language.

"Listen," says one of the Broadway boys, "can you picture Franklin D. Roosevelt sitting in a poker game? Or holding a pinochle hand? Hey? Well, that's what's the matter with him."

Governor Roosevelt had scarcely got under way on his tour of the sympathetic West when the news from Maine arrived—from Maine, one of the nine states in the East that the Republicans must carry to make the showing they hope for. It is hard to tell how many citizens of Maine itself expected Mr. Brann to be elected governor and two of his fellow Democrats to succeed Republicans in Congress. Just before the polls closed, Maine's Republican National Committeeman, Mr. Daniel E. Field, predicted the success of the Hoover candidates by not less than 25,000. And he had meant it. He said so as soon as he came to.

The Maine Protest

Mr. Field based his prophecy on the reports from the various counties to the effect that Republicans were turning out in what looked like unprecedented numbers. Republicans who hadn't voted (what was the use?) in twenty years came down the roads in flivvers and trucks, mule teams and afoot. The scouts knew they were Republicans, being their neighbors, and quite naturally expected them to go right on being Republicans.

We shan't go into statistics. But a large number of those Republicans voted Democratic—enough to elect a Democratic governor and two out of three Democratic congressmen, wet ones. Why? Because the Democratic candidates were wet? You have to do a lot of circuitous talking to demonstrate that. Radicalism? What, in Maine? Because the Maine electorate believed a change in Washington might help? At any rate the Republican candidates had preached straight Hoover and echoed Secretary Mills' "Why change?" sentiments. And their Democratic adversaries, probably in no way better fitted for office, promised to abandon the current national course. After the first flurry of alibis, even the Republicans granted that the protest vote overturned Maine.

Mr. Hoover is not yet defeated, although it is difficult to convince some of the more virulent Democrats who simply refuse to wait until election. Neither is one able to convince these whoopers that a victory for Mr. Roosevelt will not be a party victory, a necessarily Democratic triumph. Mr. Roosevelt could not possibly win on straight party lines. There just aren't that many Democrats, enrolled or otherwise. If Mr. Roosevelt wins, his gratitude must be extended to the malcontent vote which in ordinary circumstances would cleave to the Republican order.

Personal investigation forces me to accept many of the Democratic claims, the principal one being that Mr. Roosevelt will win; but it doesn't carry me as far as to expect a Democratic victory in Pennsylvania. I'm getting too old to believe in miracles. One might as well predict a Democratic landslide in Delaware. It would be silly to argue that the Republican majority in Pennsylvania will be normal or anything like it; Pennsylvania, a manufacturing and mining state, is in financial distress as harrowing as advertised by its calamity-howling governor, Mr. Pinchot. Yet Pennsylvania will probably give her thirty-six electoral votes to Mr. Hoover. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia should see to that in spite of the low estate of the Mellon-Kline and the Vare machines. But by a tremendously depleted majority.

Anger in the Bay State

Of the nine northeastern states which Mr. Hoover must carry if he is to continue to be our President (not that he won't need more) only one has maintained its wonted Republicanism during his four years in office—only Vermont. Even New Hampshire, last winter, sent a Democrat to the House of Representatives. Not, mind you, that this proves anything; but it does indicate that dissatisfaction with things as they are is Mr. Roosevelt's greatest ally and the thing on which he must depend for victory.

Only in Massachusetts does one find anything of that color that made the Smith-Hoover campaign fascinating. There, even the fate of Governor Ely depends upon the ability of the Democratic leaders to placate the indignant Catholics—particularly the women—in the eastern end of the state, who believe that Al Smith was denied renomination because of his religion. And this in spite of the impassioned appeal to the Chicago convention by Governor Ely, whose nomination of Mr. Smith was one of the few stirring episodes of that rather sordid conclave.

In Massachusetts the Catholic vote is the hope of Democratic candidates. It is more than three quarters of the entire Democratic strength. Without its support no Democrat can pretend to victory in Massachusetts. Mr. Hoover may reach Boston and its environs with a snug if not impressive lead over Mr. Roosevelt. After that the count will tell whether the adorers of Al Smith

(Continued on page 33*)*

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Found in film on Teeth... the germ of tooth decay!

Buried beneath an ever-forming film this invisible enemy attacks enamel and destroys the part beneath. To fight decay you must remove film every day. How to do it safely.

This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

Lactobacilli — germs that produce lactic acid which dissolves enamel and destroys the teeth

AT LAST the search is ended! Science has recently determined beyond all reasonable doubt the cause of tooth decay. A germ is guilty, by the forbidding name of *Lactobacillus*. This tiny rod-shaped organism lives in film on teeth. It feeds on particles of food and as it grows it gives off lactic acid which attacks tooth surfaces. First enamel is dissolved—then the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscess and pain.

What to do

To fight the germs that cause decay, remove the film in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. Ordinary ways of brushing do not remove it satisfactorily. Film forms constantly and absorbs the stains from food.

To remove film is the primary purpose of the scientific toothpaste, Pepsodent. During the past 10 years our laboratories have striven constantly to develop in Pepsodent greater and greater film removing power. Recently a new and revolutionary material was discovered that offered new advantages in removing film. It differs radically from any used in other toothpastes.

SAFE—polishes enamel

This new material stands unique in removing stubborn film—it retards the formation of new film by polishing tooth surfaces so smoothly that it is difficult for film to cling. As it polishes enamel it gives a new and sparkling *glaze*.

The materials in some toothpastes are so hard they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is soft—twice as soft as the material commonly used in other dentifrices. This is the positive assurance of safety Pepsodent offers you.

Remember one fact: this new cleansing and polishing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively—and not in any other toothpaste on the market. No other can give you these results and this great safety. Consider this fact when tempted to pinch pennies for cheap toothpastes on bargain counters.

FREE Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

HERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and be sure to name the one you want.

USE THIS COUPON

PEPSODENT COMPANY, Box 1611
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

I enclose empty Pepsodent box for jig-saw Puzzle of ☐ **Amos 'n' Andy** ☐ **Goldbergs.**

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

4052

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR

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"SHE NEVER HEARD OF *Saving* FOR A *Rainy day*"

..It's RAINED *her whole life*

She was born in December of 1929. That same month her father lost his job. He hasn't worked since . . . though he has tried desperately.

Yes, he saved a little for a rainy day. But it soon went. So his little girl has never known anything but rainy days.

Days when food . . . just food to *live* on . . . was scarce. Days of cold. Days when it was impossible for mother to add even one more patch to that tiny, shabby dress. Tragic days when she sensed the dread her parents felt.

They don't want pity. They seek no charity. They want no dole. But how they need your help!

Is their child never to know of life's lovely things? Will she grow into womanhood feeling existence is only a sad struggle against losing odds?

A dress, shoes, nourishing food . . . they are so important. But, equal in importance is the outlook on life that comes with wholesome minds. As do your own children, she needs a place in the bright sun to play . . . not a dingy, dark hole. She needs hope on life's path . . . not poignant discontent. Don't let her childish castles in the air be dreary . . . nor her fairy prince come clad in pauper's rags!

So help with your heart and your pocketbook. Let this tiny girl—and a hundred thousand like her—learn hope and a measure of happiness. Let them keep pride and independence. Bring them away from rainy days . . . into sunshine.

The Welfare and Relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reenforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provision for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give *through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committees.*

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Chairman, National Citizens' Committee.

* * *

ALL FACILITIES FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT HAVE BEEN FURNISHED THE COMMITTEE WITHOUT COST

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION FOR 1932

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The Hoover-Roosevelt Fight in the East

Continued from page 30

have been won over to his one-time protégé, Mr. Roosevelt, or whether resentment has converted the Catholic vote into a revenge vote.

Since 1924 this Catholic vote in Massachusetts has achieved a solidarity it never knew before. It started when William G. McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith fought each other out of the nomination in 1924. It pleased the Massachusetts politicians then to enlarge upon whatever religious element there may have been in that fiasco. In 1928 Mr. Smith carried Massachusetts because he had behind him that solid church vote.

The Fight That Went Too Far

Mr. Smith had numerous appealing qualities—qualities that aroused hopes in no manner connected with religion. A clear, incisive mind capable of traveling the entire length of a problem and not getting woolly. A liberalism that extended beyond conventional politics. But in Massachusetts, one gathers from that state's own leaders of both parties, the religious facet shone brightest.

Today some of the very leaders who made capital of Mr. Smith's religion are bemoaning their industry. They insisted hotly after the 1928 election that Mr. Smith's defeat in the nation was because of his Catholicism. They saw to it that the Catholic vote in eastern Massachusetts should never forgive Mr. Smith's enemies or forget Mr. Smith. And of all his enemies they came to put Mr. McAdoo first. A cordial hatred of Mr. McAdoo is as fresh today and as vigorous as it was in 1924 and 1928 when Mr. McAdoo declined to support Mr. Smith.

Finally, in Chicago this year, when Mr. McAdoo delivered the nomination to Mr. Roosevelt (who is likewise regarded in Boston as a traitor to Mr. Smith), the predominant church vote within Massachusetts' Democracy was certain that the feud was still on and that Protestantism was arrayed against Mr. Smith.

Two of the most potent Democratic shoguns in Massachusetts went to considerable lengths in their efforts to assure me of their regret that they should have permitted this situation to come to pass. As if they could have prevented it.

Should Massachusetts give its seventeen electoral votes to Mr. Hoover it will be because Boston seeks to visit vengeance upon the party that refused Mr. Smith another chance. Whether the recent hand-shaking indulged in by Messrs. Smith and Roosevelt will mollify Boston remains to be seen. In Massachusetts the dissatisfaction with the Hoover régime is quite as general as it is in any other industrial state. In other circumstances the unsubsidized investigator should be forced to the conclusion that it would join the Roosevelt train in the general quest for something different in government. But it would be utterly dishonest, knowing the current temper of the Boston vote, to ignore the possible consequences of the still angry Smith faction. Whether developments subsequent to the writing of this article will change that temper—well, let's wait for November 8th.

I am not silly enough to contend that the gentleman I got to talking with on Boston Common was typical of his brethren or representative of anybody but himself. But his hot outburst when I mentioned the charmed name of Smith makes one wonder how many think in the same pattern.

"I'm voting for Al," he assured me.

"Al who?"

"Al Smith, of course. Who else? And you needn't tell me he's not running. I know that. I was one of the fifteen million Catholics who voted for him in 1928 and—"

"Just a minute," I said. "Don't you think any Protestants voted for Mr. Smith? He got only a little more than fifteen million."

"Protestants voted for Hoover," he cried. "It was the Catholic vote Al got."

Undercover Propaganda

There was no use carrying argument further, no use to tell him there was no such numerous Catholic vote in America. And of course he is not unique nor even uncommon. I have talked with a number of Protestants whose mental processes he shared.

And you can't blame him when, at the next corner, a furtive and unbathed individual shoves a yellow leaflet at you, mumbling maledictions on the Pope as he shuffles off in the darkness. You look at the paper:

"Roosevelt Unmasked [it reads]. Roosevelt nominated by a Papist. The second session of the convention was opened by a priest. The temporary chairman and the permanent chairman were Catholics. The reading clerk, the radio announcer, and all the men holding key positions were Catholics.

"Convention swarmed with priests, whisky anarchists and Tammany grafters. . . . Roosevelt's convention manager a Catholic. His campaign manager a Catholic. . . . Garner, tool of Rome, assassinates school bill in Congress. . . . Roosevelt responsible for third-degree torture of Protestant minister. If Roosevelt wins, the Pope will use him to destroy the last vestige of Civil Liberty in America. He will turn the nation over to the Papal plotters, the whisky anarchists and the Tammany grafters." And so on.

We are not concerned here with the talents of the two principal candidates. It does not come within the scope of this article to compare or weigh the worths of the opposed platforms. Whether Mr. Hoover's executive ability and his intellectual prowess exceed Mr. Roosevelt's is none of our immediate affair. One may assume that these two gentlemen share the cerebral similarities of their affable running mates. That is, if one wants to. What is best for the common good in these United States is a matter of private opinion. Democratic administrations have done us no more harm than Republican.

"And as for all this about not swapping horses in the middle of the stream," says the gentleman who comes in from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, to assure me that Pennsylvania is going to shock us more than the state of Maine elections did— "All this about swapping horses in the middle of the stream—hell, that depends on the horse you're on. Suppose you find the goat can't swim any further?"

All that we purport to do here is to set forth conditions as we see them, not too specifically but rather in their trend. The apathy that seems to pervade Republican headquarters and the inability of the Hoover administration to get into this fight fighting is only reflective of the spirit of the party's erstwhile supporters and upholders.

Evening Up Accounts

"Look here," says one of the Republican herd-riders, "take a look at this. I don't say it's typical. It has too much humor for that. But it tells a pretty general story."

It was the answer of a once-vigorous Republican who had been importuned for "a substantial contribution to the cause of reëlecting Herbert Hoover that his sound policies of recovery may be continued to their glorious conclusion."

"I shall be very glad to contribute five hundred dollars to the cause," he writes. "You may deduct that sum from my bill which I inclose herewith."

The bill was not itemized but it called upon the Republican party to pay him fifty thousand dollars, representing his losses in "Mr. Mellon's stock market," the Smoot-Hawley tariff schedules and "the latest Hoover taxes."

Both parties bemoan their poverty. Both insist that they are unable to present the whole truth because they lack funds. But not a tear appears in the public eye. About the only thing to do about the financial side of it is to wait until the victor is proclaimed and then listen to the charge that expenses were defrayed at criminal cost to the poor taxpayer. And of that accusation, if of nothing else, we can be reasonably sure.

"G'wan—beat it—we just left one party!" *Lawrence La Riar*

NOW is the time for all good shavers to come to the aid of their faces! Now is the time to vote the straight Ingram ticket! Even in these torrid times, Ingram's Shaving Cream is COOL, COOL, COOL!

This cool soap comes in a jar or in a tube. The jar saves you money. The tube saves you trouble. And both save you from the stinging, burning annoyances of hot shaving creams!

Into each tube and every jar go three special constituents. They make the lather feel like a tonic and a lotion, as well as a shaving cream!

Take on a jar or a tube of Ingram's today! Your druggist has both.

If you don't want to buy before you've tried Ingram's coolness—clip the coupon below. Send it in with a 2¢ stamp and we'll send you ten cool shaves.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-1121
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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"It isn't monkish to feel that way," he told her. "Monks are humble."

"Thanks for enlightening me," she said.

Quite without cause they both laughed. Forgotten by Meridew was her visit to Jim Cattrone, her after-midnight rendezvous with Brockridge, her falsehoods about both of these matters. Here he was, twenty-odd stories above the ground, beneath a ripe August moon, stars twinkling overhead, breezes playing upon him, fragrant coffee beside him, liqueurs on a table, and the loveliest girl in the world opposite him.

"Your apartment isn't a penthouse, is it?" he asked.

HER eyebrows lifted at the irrelevancy.

"No, why?"

"I was just wondering why you happened to pick the summer-time to spend in New York. It isn't cool, and—"

"A house in the country would be a burden," she said. "And—I wanted to visit a lot. If I went to Long Island, I'm afraid I'd stay there. It always seems like a task, leaving a house. But an apartment—you walk out, hand the key to the caretaker, and telegraph before you return so that it will be all opened up. It's so much pleasanter. I want to go to Bar Harbor some time this month, and I want to visit Saratoga, and I'd hoped to get to Newport—it's pleasanter this way. And I shall be here so shortly."

He felt a quick constriction about his heart.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Why, I intend to return to France in early October at the latest."

"Why do you do that?" he demanded.

"Why not? It—it's my home. At least, it's as much home as any place is. I have a house in Paris, my friends—"

"But you have as many friends here, and could have a house if you wanted," he said.

"I suppose so. But—I've got the habit of living abroad."

"Habits," he said, "are silly things."

"I suppose they are," she agreed. "But if they're pleasant—"

"Americans should live in America," he pronounced.

"Oh, come," she said, "that's provincialism from you, who spend half your time abroad."

"On business," he said. "Practicing my profession."

"And I practice mine," she said. "Which is to enjoy myself."

He grinned.

"I guess it was special pleading on my part," he admitted.

She merely looked at him.

"Thinking," he went on, "how pleasant it would be to know that you were in the city—or an overnight jump away."

"In which latter case I suppose you want me to believe that you'd be overnight-jumping a lot."

"I like quick-witted girls, who get the point instantly," he laughed.

"It really didn't take extraordinary understanding," she smiled.

HE LEANED toward her. Nonsense trembled on his lips. He knew it was nonsense. He had known her three days. There had been matters—perhaps not serious—that had made him critical of her, extremely critical. Maybe they were subject to simple explanation, but until that explanation had been made, any serious regard for her was out of the question. Therefore, the madnesses on his lips were—*madnesses*.

Yet he knew that he was about to utter them. Those brain cells in his head which kept shrieking warning to him, warning to wait, warning to learn more about her, warning to learn more about himself before he spoke, were unheeded.

And the buzzer on the telephone extension out here on the porch did what those sensible brain cells could not have done. It saved him from pouring out to her an incoherent proposal.

He picked up the instrument. The mere action of doing that little thing seemed to restore his mental equilibrium. Before he had uttered a "Hello" he was grateful for the interruption. The combination of moonlight and her indisputable charm was destroyed instantly. Back to him came those matters which, one tenth of a second before, had been forgotten.

"Mr. Meridew?" said a voice.

"This is Mr. Meridew," he said.

"May I speak to Miss Dale?" asked the voice.

"Certainly," said he.

He handed the receiver to the girl.

"Someone for you," he said.

"This is Miss Dale," she said. "Oh. Why—yes, of course."

She hung up and looked at Meridew.

"President Brockridge is calling," she said.

IF, THIS morning, he had been close to screaming insults at her, he was closer now. He had a suspicion that he had been used as a stalking horse last night when they went to the Wetherings. From behind the figure of Ken Meridew she could bring down that game for which she was hunting. Her rendezvous with Brockridge later on had lent added color to his suspicions.

But *now*—they weren't suspicions; they were certainties. Of course, she had known Brockridge an even shorter time than she had known Meridew, but what difference did that make? He, Ken Meridew, was on the verge of being in love with her already. Why should Brockridge take any longer to fall in love with her? If she could subdue twenty-eight, how much more quickly could she subjugate fifty-two, or whatever Brockridge's age was?

Overnight visits to the same house that held the President, meetings that were—at the very least—extraordinarily indiscreet, and now—this. Using his apartment as a place in which to keep a date with Brockridge.

Damn it, why couldn't she be frank? If she wanted to meet the President, why couldn't she say so? Nothing shameful about it, was there? Even in his anger he knew that there *could* be nothing shameful about it.

Not shameful, no! But—petty. Oh, of course the President of the United States had to be extremely careful about his friendships with women, widower though he might be. If he played golf with a woman the papers were sure to buzz with it. Any slight attention he paid to a girl focused the spotlight upon her as did an attention paid by the Prince of Wales.

But, granting all that, and admitting that Brockridge would naturally want to spare the girl a notoriety that might well be distasteful, it still was—well, *cheap*.

"Calling? On you," he said stiffly. "I suppose it's a surprise."

She looked at him, and that ready blush mounted to his cheeks as he read something that might have been contempt in her eyes.

"Not completely," she replied.

"Well, in comparison with other things, I suppose I might term that utter frankness," he sneered.

Her look was a stare now.

"Other things? What on earth are you talking about, Mr. Meridew?"

"Oh, what difference does it make?" he retorted rudely. "His Excellency is calling on you. Would it be pleasanter if I left?"

"I'd like to think," she said slowly, "that your bad manners had some cause."

"Cause? Isn't it cause enough that you permit someone else to intrude upon your evening with me?"

HER anger—if she felt any—softened beneath her amusement.

"Now, really, Mr. Meridew, is it so extraordinary that someone should come to your house because I am here?"

"You might have mentioned it—that you expected him," he said. He realized, with self-rage, that he was behaving like a pouting schoolboy.

"But I didn't expect him," she said.

"Didn't expect him? But you said that it was no surprise that he was calling."

She smiled patiently, as though she were reasoning with the pouting small boy that he felt himself to be.

"I can fail to be surprised and still not *expect* him," she said.

"That sounds like sophistry to me."

"I'm sorry," she said. But now her voice was angry, and her tones belied her words.

And he was spared from making further headway in her bad graces by the fluttering entrance of Durfee. Behind him loomed the big figure of Brockridge, and Durfee, tongue-tied with incredulous amazement, was prevented from making the grandiloquent announcement that fought for utterance by the President's easy greeting to the young people:

"Good evening, Miss Dale. Hello, Meridew. Hope you don't mind my breaking in."

Durfee backed off the porch, colliding with a chair. He sped to the kitchen.

"The President, Minnie," he said. "The President of the U-nit-ed States."

Minnie stared at him.

"You been sampling them lee-kooers?" she asked.

Durfee shook an emphatic head.

"I'm telling you, it's Mark Brockridge. I've seen him in the talkies a hundred times."

"Maybe," said the practical Minnie, "you oughta throw a napkin over the bottles."

EVEN in his excitement Durfee found amusement in this.

"The President ain't a prohibition officer," he said.

On the porch Meridew fought for self-control.

"All homes are open to Your Excellency," he said.

"And I couldn't have a nicer welcome," smiled Brockridge. "I wonder if you'll feel as kindly when you learn the cruel thing I've come here to do."

Beneath the man's charm, something unanalyzable but definite, Meridew's rancor melted.

"Cruel?" he laughed.

"I'm taking Miss Dale away," said Brockridge. "And I can imagine no greater cruelty than depriving anyone of her delightful presence. Will you forgive me?"

"Your wish must be my law, mustn't it?" said Meridew. But he smiled, and only Myrna was aware that anger still faintly smoldered within him.

"Then I'm pardoned," said Brockridge.

"Could I offer you—" Meridew broke off short. One didn't offer the Chief Executive a drink.

Brockridge's rough-hewn features relaxed in mirth.

"Some of that ginger ale or soda which I see? Thanks, no, Meridew."

He turned to Myrna.

"I'm in a bit of a hurry," he tentatively said.

"Of course; and I'm ready," she answered. She held out a hand to Meridew. "It's been delightful," she told him. "I—I'm sorry that—that my visit must be cut short. Will you ask me again?"

Meridew bowed; he made no reply, and Brockridge glanced quickly and curiously at him. But he made no comment now.

"Oh, Meridew," he said. "Your man—who let me in—recognized me, I'm sure. But the elevator boy fortunately didn't, and I don't think the starter did. And no one noticed me at the phone downstairs. I haven't been here. Is that understood?"

Despite himself, Meridew's lips curled in the faintest of sneers.

"It's understood," he said coldly. "I'll speak to my man. You haven't been here, Mr. President."

Myrna, with a nod to Meridew, passed through the door leading into the penthouse. Brockridge lingered on the threshold.

"I hope, too, Meridew, that it isn't *mis*understood," he said.

Meridew stared at him. His guest was the President of the United States, but he was also a man.

"I'll try not to misunderstand," he

(Continued on page 37)

Continued from page 17

The Great Abduction

"Write Your Own" Awards

The honors this week went to the following contributors:

$100 **Evva Williams, Okanogan, Washington.**

$75 **W. A. Reed, 54 Elm Street, Wabash, Indiana.**

$50 **Harold C. Feightner, The News, Indianapolis, Indiana.**

Monsieur de Maupassant's story of the thief who was not a thief received varied and ingenious treatment. The thesis maintained by most of our contributors was that chivalry—cost what it may—is not yet dead. But there were those, we regretfully admit, whose stories implied a belief that six years in jail is, all things considered, a pretty high price. Probably that's the sort of person who figures out just how much one minute of his time is worth.

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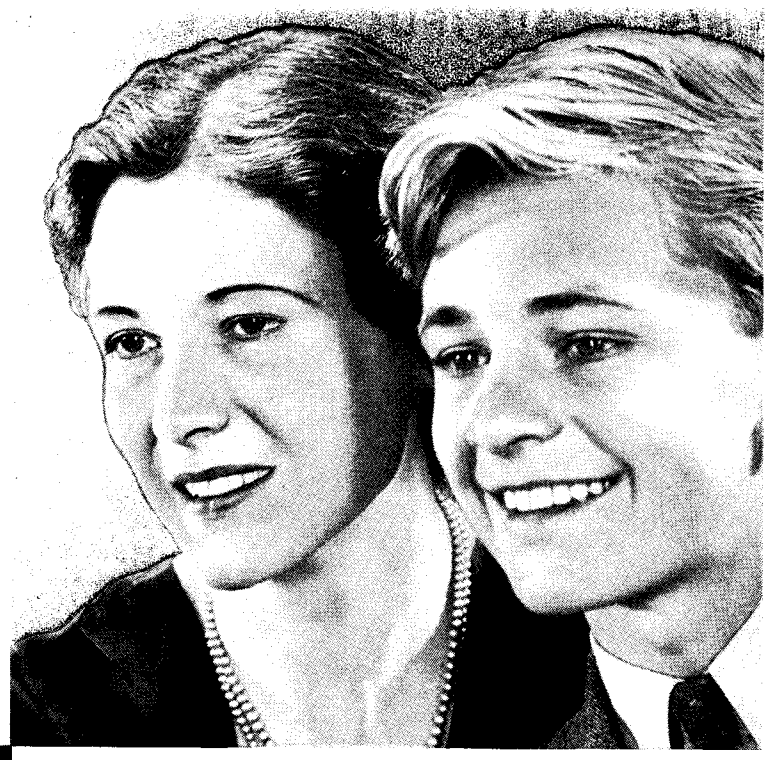

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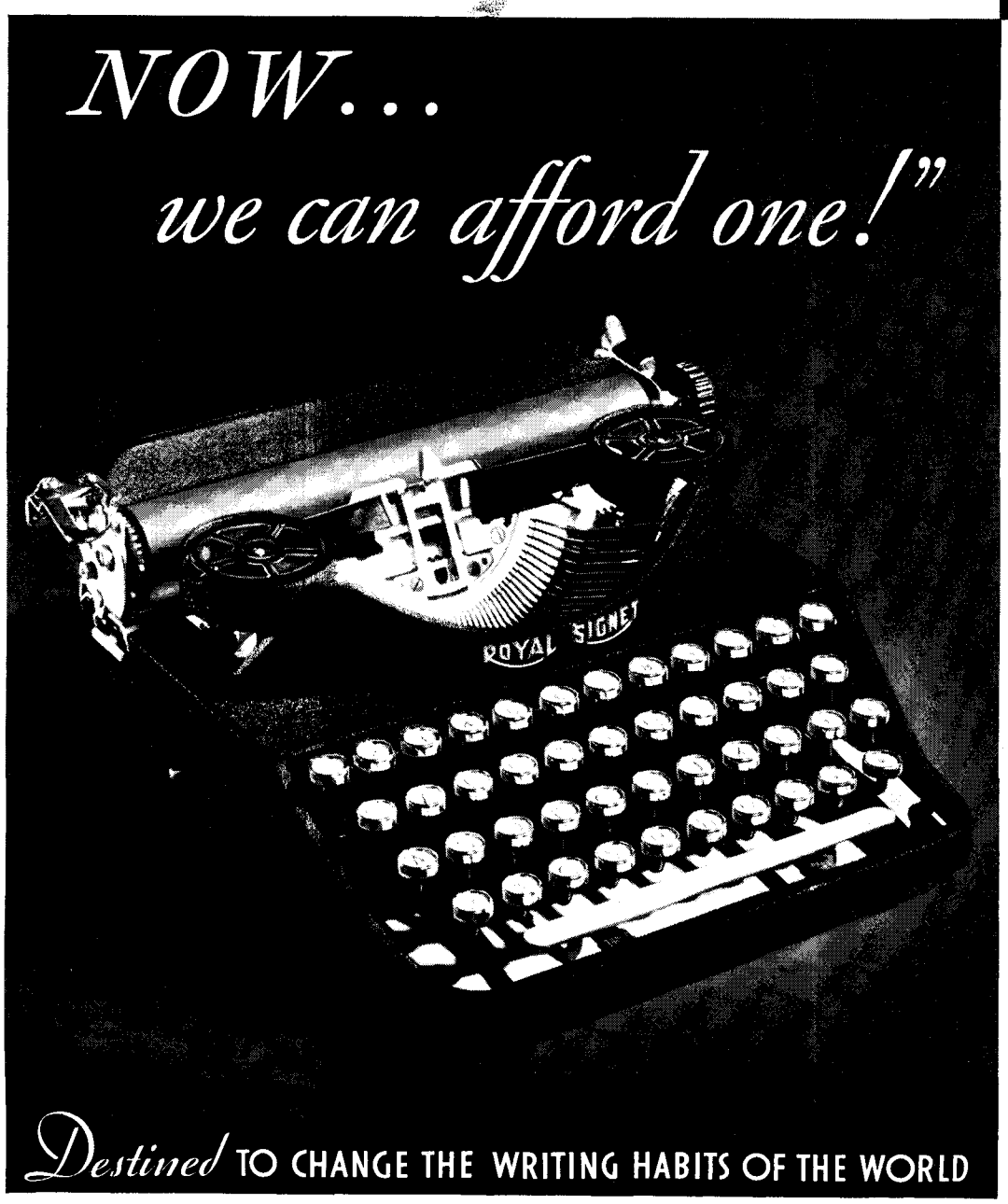

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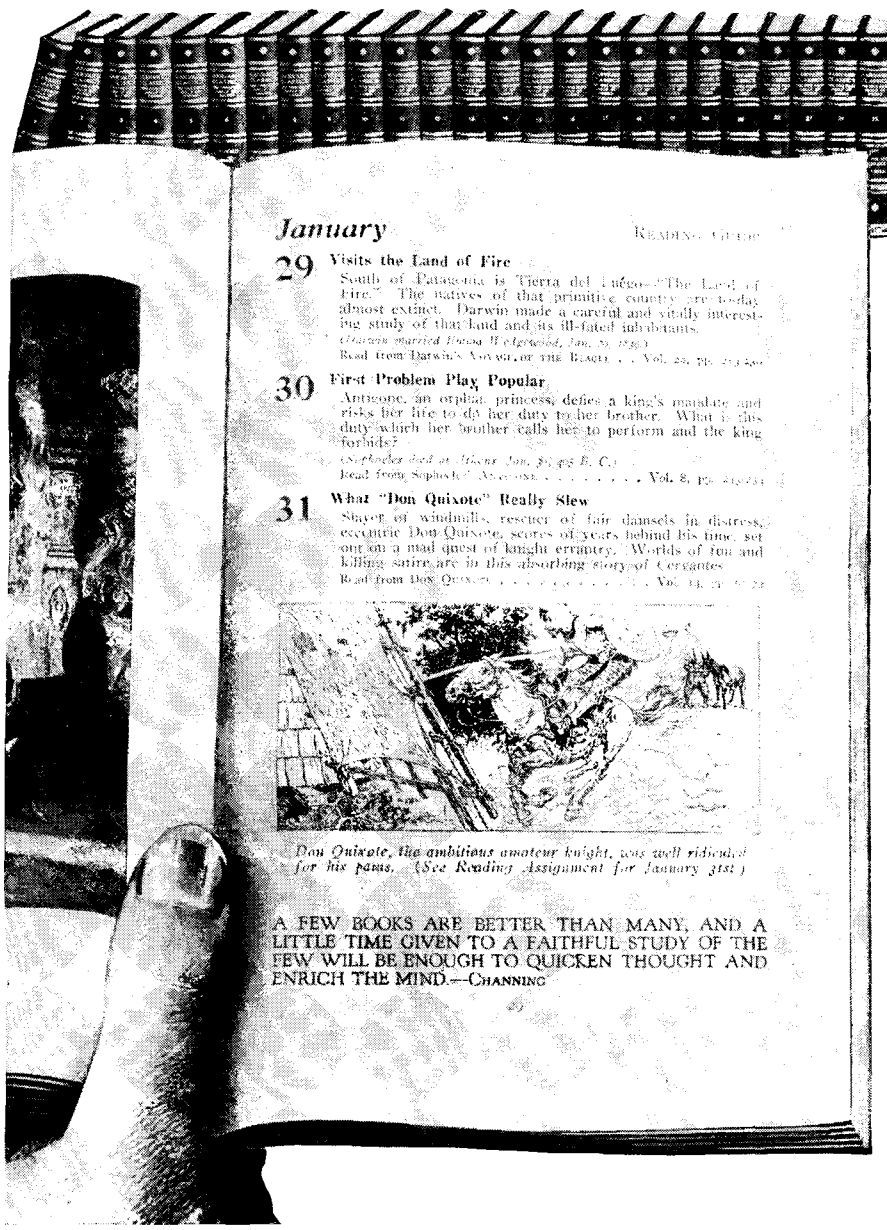
ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Author of "Standard Etiquette"


January
29 Visits the Land of Fire
30 First Problem Play Popular
31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING

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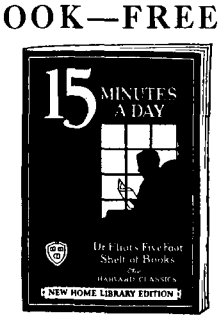

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said icily. "But perhaps it would be—wiser—if you didn't put Miss Dale in a position where she might be misunderstood."

"Well, you hot-headed young jackass," cried Brockridge. He stared at the younger man. "If you weren't so extremely flattering I'd be angry. As it is—I can't explain now. But—there may be a story in this."

"You can give it to our society reporter," said Meridew insolently. No man, President or otherwise, was going to call him names and get away with it.

But now Brockridge laughed aloud.

"Did I say hot-headed? I mean firebrand. My dear young man, I'm more than flattered. I'm overwhelmed. The young lady is twenty-two, perhaps. I am fifty-six. Not even my temporary place of residence would make me attractive to the twenty-twos, my dear boy. Certainly not to a discriminating twenty-two. And I think the young lady is extremely discriminating. Didn't I find her here?"

Any man might have been forgiven if he had reacted to Meridew's anger with anger of his own. And a man of great power, whom no one ever thwarted, might have been forgiven more easily. But this man's quick understanding placed him beyond anger. And it made Meridew feel very much ashamed of himself. His own boorishness had been met with chivalrous comprehension.

"I—I'm sorry," he stammered.

"Forget it," said Brockridge. "I was young once myself. And—the story—if there should be one—will not be for your society reporter, Mr. Meridew."

With which good-natured gibe he joined Myrna, who had completed certain repairs to her complexion before the living-room mirror. And now, repentant at the way he had treated her request for another invitation, Meridew spoke to her.

"I shall hold you to your promise to come again," he said.

It was her turn to be cool.

"Did I promise?" she asked.

"If you didn't—will you—please?" he pleaded.

She became again the radiant creature who had drunk coffee with him.

"As soon as you phone and ask me," she said.

MERIDEW signaled for the elevator. Brockridge, with a smile at the girl, pulled his hat far down over his eyes, and Meridew understood that he was trying to hide his features as much as possible. Then they were gone.

He returned to the porch and permitted the tremulous Durfee to pour him a Benedictine.

"That—that was the President, wasn't it?" asked Durfee.

"It was no one else," said Meridew.

"Will—will he be calling again, sir?"

"I really don't know," said Meridew.

But the smile with which he watched Durfee's departure faded quickly. Brockridge had read his jealousy at once and had practically assured him that there was no occasion for it. He had also said that there might be a story—not for the society columns—in his departure with Myrna Dale.

But what sort of story? These two people had not met each other until last Friday. What sort of relation—unless it were a romantic one—could have sprung up between them in that brief time?

Oh, hell! He'd like to get them out of his mind. Speculating about them, their relations with each other, was driving him crazy. He'd get out some notes and begin plotting that sequel to Manners and Men which he had been planning for eight months.

He was busy, in his miniature library, actually finding that his mind concentrated on the work, when Durfee came

The Great Abduction

Continued from page 34

to him with the information that he was wanted on the phone. He had no phone extension in his library, wishing never to be disturbed while at work, and he frowned at Durfee now for interrupting him.

"The man said it was most important, sir," apologized the servant.

"All right," said Meridew. He walked into the living-room and picked up the instrument. "Meridew speaking," he said.

"This is Gerryman. Know the name?" said a voice.

"Gerryman?" Meridew echoed the cognomen.

"You know it. You've read it, haven't you?" The voice lowered to a whisper. "President Brockridge's bodyguard—one of them. Is he there?"

Incautiously, Meridew was on the point of blurting out that the President had gone. Then he remembered Brockridge's injunction.

"Here?" His voice was properly surprised. "Why should he be here?"

"When did he leave?" asked Gerryman.

"He hasn't been here," said Meridew.

"Oh?" The voice was quite blank. "May I come up a moment, Mr. Meridew?"

"Why—certainly," said Meridew hesitantly.

He hung up and entered the kitchen, whither Durfee had gone, and where his wife was also.

"Someone inquiring about the President," he said. "Coming up here now. And he didn't wish it known that he'd been here. Remember, he wasn't here—never has been here."

The two servants nodded. Satisfied, Meridew returned to the living-room and himself answered the buzzer that indicated his caller was in the elevator outside.

THREE men, not one, entered the foyer. One of them thrust out his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Meridew? I'm Gerryman."

Meridew shook hands rather limply.

"These are my two fellow guards of the President," said Gerryman. "Saunders and O'Keefe. The President left?"

"Left? I told you over the phone, that he hadn't been here," said Meridew.

Gerryman winked knowingly.

"Sure; you hadn't seen me, and why should you spill His Excellency's business to strangers over the wire? But now that I'm here—" He threw open his jacket. On his waistcoat was a gold button which he permitted Meridew to glimpse.

"Here or anywhere else—the answer is the same. The President has not been here," said Meridew.

Gerryman's somewhat swarthy face flushed.

"Listen, Mr. Meridew," he said, "this isn't fun. It's great sport for the President, sneaking off to have a quiet time by himself, but it's hell for us birds who are responsible for his safety. If anything happened to him—"

Vaguely Meridew remembered Blannard's remarks of yesterday. Blannard had said that Brockridge gave his guards anxious moments by his trick of getting off by himself to roam the city streets. But he also remembered, and not at all vaguely, Brockridge's quiet insistence that his visit be forgotten.

"I'll be as sorry as you are if anything happens to him," he said impatiently, "but I don't see how I can help it. The President is not here, and hasn't been here."

GERRYMAN'S lips suddenly curled in a sneer.

"Says you," he snarled. "I suppose the dame's gone, too."

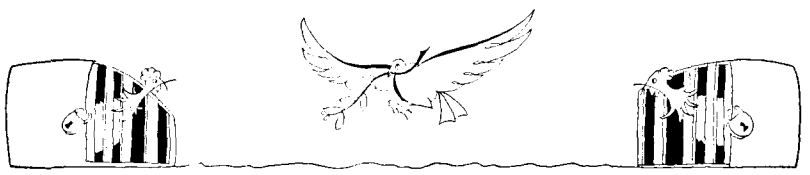
"Dame?" Meridew's face was hard.

"Yeah, the skirt he followed over here. Now, listen, he's important, Brockridge is. You come through and tell where he went—"

"And you," said Meridew, "get the hell out of here this instant."

For suddenly he knew, knew for a certainty, that these were no secret service men. Men assigned to guard the person of the Chief Executive would be ready with weapons, would be quick to brush suspicious characters out of the way, but they would not be as hard and tough as these men. Their language would not be the speech of Broadway. They wouldn't call a girl to whom the President paid attention, a skirt, a dame.

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Losses to poultry farmers through fatalities among fighting chickens are now being prevented by supplying individual cages for belligerents. —*By Margaret De Courcey, New York City.*

Through circumstantial evidence, malicious perjury and the naïve credulity of juries, numerous innocent Americans have not only been tried and convicted of crimes that never occurred but even of murders *that were never committed.*

The Central Railway of Peru, which goes over the Andes at a height of three miles above sea level, passes through such rarefied air that it is obliged to carry tanks of oxygen for passengers with weak hearts.

Italy now installs wireless equipment in the lifeboats of its new liners; the Province of Quebec now has a 5-per-cent tax on restaurant meals that cost 35 cents or more; and Japan now has municipal marriage-arranging bureaus to restrict the activity of unreliable private agencies.

The National Shrine in Washington contains one of the world's most magnificent mosaics, a reproduction of Murillo's painting "The Immaculate Conception." It is about 10 feet high and 8 feet wide and required four years' work of three artists to piece together the 800,000 bits of colored glass, having 20,000 tints and shades.

Excluding water, the world's most popular drink—based on the number of cups consumed daily—is tea.—*By Donald Quinlivan, Youngstown, Ohio.*

A guide to the speakeasies in New York City has just been issued. The 84-page book gives the name of the place, bartender, class of patrons, price and quality of the liquor, and the block in which it is located. The address is obtained from a taxi-driver or a newsboy on the corner.

Before ancient Greece had a written language, the busiest man in each community was the trained "Rememberer," whose work was to remember the details of treaties, loans and contracts. No job in all history demanded more honesty.—*By C. E. Strahan, Kansas City, Mo.*

China and Japan still use today the good old cure-all known as acupuncture. From 5 to 20 long steel needles are inserted in the patient's body at the spot where he has any pain or disease and left for about 30 minutes. Such treatment *should* have some effect.

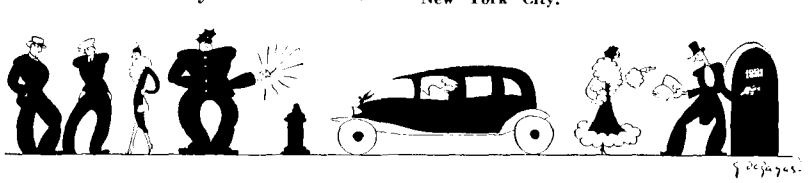
In the color designing of an expensive stained-glass window, the direction in which it will face and the various atmospheric and light conditions of the particular city must be taken into consideration, owing to the subtle relationship of glass to the sun and sky.

Powdered glass, which has been used in so many attempted murders, is not poisonous or even harmful. In fact, about 900 years ago in Arabia, it was one of the most popular medicines for internal ailments.—*By D. D. Dunann, San Diego, Calif.*

Uganda, Africa, now is formulating extensive plans to completely rid the Nile of its sudd, large floating islands of vegetation that have seriously obstructed traffic on this river for many centuries. Sometimes these floating masses become large and solid enough to support the weight of an elephant.

In the royal courts of Europe and Asia during the Middle Ages, women—as well as men—served as jesters. Moreover, they not only preceded men in this unique vocation but continued in it long after them.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.



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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 18

all a man could work and fight for. . . .

Kalispel turned often in his saddle to look back down the winding river road. Certain events the last day in Salmon had convinced him that Pritchard and his cronies had somehow found out he was taking the Blairs with him. But this was late on the second day of the journey and there had been no sign of men on their trail.

Blair lagged behind, changing from one side of the saddle to the other. He was rather heavy and unused to horseback. Now and then he got off to walk a little. Sydney rode ahead, driving the burros. Already she was a surprising success. Young, strong, supple, and vividly elated with this adventure, she made play and romance of what was really hard work. Then her appearance alone had transformed the world for Lee. In a light sombrero, with her dark hair hanging in a braid, and wearing a red scarf, buckskin blouse, fringed gauntlets, overalls and boots like any Western girl, to Kalispel she was an object of adoration.

BEFORE sunset that day they arrived at the widening of the valley and the ranch Kalispel had decided would be his some day. He particularly wanted to get Sydney's opinion of the place, and to that end he tried to keep from talking about it. After putting up her tent and unrolling her blankets inside, he went over to renew acquaintance with the settler.

When he returned to camp, the fire had burned low, and as the Blairs were not in evidence he concluded they had gone to bed. He unrolled his own blankets back near the road so that in case any riders came along they would surely awaken him.

He was up at dawn and had the horses and pack animals in, and breakfast ready by the time the sun burst redly up the cleft in the valley. Blair rolled out, lame and sore, but cheerfully grumbling, and he gasped at the ice-cold water.

"Say, what a morning!" ejaculated Blair, as he ferociously used a towel on face and hands. "This isn't water! It's *ice*. . . . *Enough to make a man out of* me! . . . Have you called Sydney?"

"Reckon I'd better risk it," replied Kalispel anxiously, and making a bold front before the little tent he called out lustily: "Miss Blair! . . . Miss Blair—come an' get it!" No answer. After a moment he tried again, louder: "Miss Sydney!" Receiving no reply he shouted: "Hey you, Sydney!" And as that elicited no response he yelled brazenly: "Hey, *Syd!*"

A moment's rather pregnant silence was finally broken by a clear, cold, wide-awake voice: "Mr. Emerson, are you calling me?"

"I reckon—I was," replied Kalispel, confusedly.

"What do you want?"

"Wal, the fact is it's long past time to get up. Breakfast is waitin'—nice buckwheat cakes an' maple syrup. Here's some hot water I'll set by your tent. An' the horses are waitin'!"

"Oh, is that all?" she inquired, slightingly.

"Wal, not exactly all," he drawled. "I'm shore powerful keen to see you again in that spankin' cowgirl outfit."

As he had calculated, this speech surely suppressed her. He dispatched his breakfast before Blair was half finished, and was saddling the horses when Sydney appeared. She deigned him a rather formal good morning, but to her father she was gay and voluble. Kalispel went on serenely with his work, somehow divining this glorious morning that all was well. Sydney did not come near him. She studiously averted her face when occasion made his approach necessary, but when he was quite distant her dark glance sought him and hung upon his movements. In less than an hour he was packed and ready to go.

Blair had to mount his horse from a stone. But Sydney swung herself up, lithe and agile. Then Kalispel took advantage of the moment to approach her.

"Did you tighten your cinch?" he asked, casually.

"Oh, I forgot. I'll get off an' do it."

"Didn't I tell you always to feel your cinch before climbin' on?"

"Yes, I believe you did, Mr. Emerson," she replied, curtly, and the dark eyes lowered coolly upon him.

"Wal, why didn't you then? Shore I don't care if your saddle slips an' you get a spill. But you hate so to be taken for a tenderfoot. An' some day we'll be meetin' people."

"Pray don't concern yourself."

"Will you move your leg, please, an' let me tighten this cinch? . . . Wal, it shore was loose. Do you know, a horse is smart? He'll swell himself up when you saddle him. . . . There, I reckon that will hold."

Kalispel transferred his hand to the pommel of her saddle and gave it a shake, after the habit of horsemen; then he let it rest there and looked up at her.

"Are you havin' a nice time?"

"Lovely, thank you," she replied, with averted face.

"Do you want our ride to last for days?"

"I'm not tired of the *ride*—as yet," she returned, distantly.

"Sydney."

"Were you not in a hurry to start?" she queried, icily.

"I made you angry with that fool speech of mine. Please forgive me."

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Emerson."

"Tell me, Sydney," he implored. "Don't you like this place? Couldn't it be made a wonderful ranch—an' a beautiful home?"

Then she turned to look down into his eyes.

"It has not struck me particularly," she replied. "There have been pretty places all along the river."

"Aw!" he exclaimed, in bitter disappointment, and he wheeled to his horse.

SOON Kalispel faced the winding strip of road, the shining river, the notch of the valley; and the vigilant habit of looking back reasserted itself. Two hours of leisurely travel passed. According to landmarks he had been told to look for, he was approaching the point where he must strike off the road on the trail to The Cove. He had espied the green-willowed mouth of a gully in the hills and felt relieved that soon he would be leaving the river when, upon looking back a last time, he espied three horsemen with pack animals not far behind.

Kalispel was in the lead. He reined his horse and let the string of burros pass by. Blair caught up with him, and lastly the reluctant Sydney.

"Slow today, eh? Not steppin' high an' handsome like yesterday," gibed Kalispel.

"You took the lead so I fell behind," replied the girl.

"Wal, you can go ahead now, 'cause if my eyes don't fool me I'm in for trouble," retorted Kalispel.

"Trouble?— What do you mean?" she asked quickly, in a surprised tone.

"Emerson! There are three horsemen coming. Are they following us?" ejaculated Blair, anxiously.

The three riders came on at a trot. Their seat in the saddle, their garb and general appearance proclaimed to Kalispel's experienced eye that they were Westerners. In a few moments more he recognized the leader and had no doubt as to the identity of the other two.

"Just as I figured," muttered Kalispel angrily.

"Who are they, Emerson?" asked Blair, hurriedly.

"Pritchard an' his pards."

"Oh!" cried Sydney.

"Blair, go on with your girl till I catch up."

"I don't want to do that, Emerson," rejoined Blair, nervously. "I ought to stick with you. . . . Do you think they mean violence? . . . Sydney, you ride on."

"I shall not," she declared.

"Blair, drag her horse to one side—pronto," ordered Kalispel, sharply.

HE SLID out of his saddle and blocked the road. The approaching trio slowed to a trot, then a walk, and finally halted in front of Kalispel. Pritchard's lean, gray visage needed no speech to confirm Kalispel's suspicion.

"Howdy, Kalispel," called the gambler, coolly, making a point of deliberately lighting a cigarette. "Have you turned road agent, along with your other accomplishments?"

"Now I got you placed, Pritchard," snapped Kalispel. "I set in a game with you once at Butte. An' my pardner reckoned you as slick with the cards."

"Case of mistaken identity," returned the other, puffing a cloud of smoke. "Are you holdin' us up?"

"I reckon you're trailin' me."

"Wrong again. Haskell an' Selby here are goin' to Challis with me."

"You're a liar, Pritchard."

"Wal, I'm not arguin' the case with you, Kalispel. If you'll let us pass we'll ride on mindin' our own business."

Kalispel concluded that it would be a wise move on his part to let the trio get ahead. Pritchard manifestly would avoid a clash, but there was little doubt that he wanted to keep track of the Blairs.

"Pritchard, you an' your pards mosey along. An' don't make the mistake to come slippin' along on my trail again," snapped Kalispel, and strode aside to let the restive pack animals and saddle horses go by.

"Blair," called Pritchard, as he rode on, "you'll regret exchangin' our deal for whatever this cowboy has sprung on you."

"All right, Pritchard," replied Blair. "It couldn't be much worse than yours and it's my business."

"Wal, *we* wasn't after your girl, anyway. You'll wake up some mornin' to find her gone."

Kalispel was not of a caliber to let that gibe pass. He concluded that the whistle of a bullet by the gambler's ear would be more effective for the future than any verbal threat. Whereupon he whipped out his gun and took a snap shot at the top of Pritchard's high-crowned sombrero. He knocked it off, too. The horses plunged. The man on the off side shouted: "Rustle, you fool! Thet fellar is rank poison."

Pritchard did not even look back, let alone halt to get his sombrero. He spurred after his galloping comrades,

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who already had the pack horses on the run. Kalispel flipped his gun and, sheathing it, he walked forward to pick up the gambler's hat. The bullet had cut a furrow across the crown. Returning, he hung the sombrero on the pommel of Blair's saddle.

"Just to show you I wasn't intendin' him any hurt," he said. "But I ought to have shot his leg off. Reckon I was mad enough to. . . . Blair, they were followin' us as shore as you're born. But it hasn't struck them yet that we're turnin' off into the mountains pronto. They'll find out though, an' if they track us again there'll be real trouble. I'm darn' sorry. For two-bits I'd call the deal off with you. If I had the money I'd pay you what—"

"See here, Kalispel," interrupted Blair, earnestly. "This incident didn't please me, but I'm getting hunches, as you call them. If Sydney and I *have* to get used to these nice gentle ways you Westerners have—well, I think we're lucky to be with you. That's all."

"It's pretty straight talk. But look at Sydney's face."

THAT sweet face had indeed not recovered from the fright of the meeting and Kalispel's sudden termination of it.

"A little pale around the gills," laughed Blair. "Why, boy, three days ago she would have fainted. Sydney's doing fine."

"I shore say so, too. But with me it's a question of what she thinks." Kalispel stepped close to Sydney's horse and looked up at her. "Girl, for a tenderfoot you've got nerve. I admire you heaps. . . . But if you've got the littlest doubt of me I won't go on with this deal. I'm askin' you to be plumb honest."

"Doubt of—you?" she asked, tremulously.

"Yes. You heard what that hombre said. I reckon my deal with you an' your father does look kind of fishy. It's not too late to turn back. If you go on into the wilds with me you couldn't find your way back."

"I don't want to turn back. I told you I trusted you."

"Wal, I'm not shore you do. You hardly spoke to me this mornin'."

His simplicity might have been responsible for the break in her gravity. At any rate she flushed and smiled.

"After all, I have to obey Dad," she said. "And he seems to swear by you."

"All flatterin' enough. But your dad hasn't a ghost of a show to see these gold diggin's unless you swear by me, too."

"That's asking a great deal, Mr. Emerson."

"What do you think of me?" demanded Kalispel, stubbornly.

"Well, if you compel me—I think you are a devil and a flirt."

"Aw—Miss Sydney!" burst out Kalispel in dismay.

"And very impudent—and inclined to be conceited—and an atrocious cook—and a domineering fellow—and a bloodthirsty Westerner—and—"

"Wal, the deal is off," interrupted Kalispel, throwing up his hands.

"But I willingly trust my honor and my life in your hands," she concluded, changing from jest to earnest. "Let us ride on, and be friends."

Kalispel found the burros resting under the cottonwoods. Little danger of their straying or traveling along without being driven! Far ahead, at the bend of the road, slight clouds of dust marked the progress of Pritchard and his men. They were already well out of sight. This fact, however, meant little to Kalispel, for he felt sure that they would not abandon the track of the Blairs.

Presently he came to the mouth of a gully out of which flowed a brook. An old trail seldom traveled followed the watercourse. It led up gradually, winding through groves of cottonwoods and copses of willow, to emerge into a wide valley. This was open country, the haunt of elk and deer. The trail led up the rolling slopes to a forest of pines. The Blairs kept Kalispel in sight, but when they caught up with him on top of the divide, where he decided to camp, they were pretty weary and quiet.

The night bade fair to be a cold one. After supper Kalispel heated a stone and wrapped it in a canvas for Sydney to put at her feet. He and Blair did not make a very good night of it. Off and on he was up replenishing the fire, and he welcomed the gray dawn. Sydney was up before sunrise and declared she had slept snug and warm.

They were all that day riding down through the pines to The Cove. It was a big round basin of several thousand acres, surrounded by bold bluffs and high mountains. They camped on Camus Creek, and next morning followed the rushing stream down into a rugged canyon, which augmented its characteristics until it grew to be a magnificent chasm with great colored cliffs, eddying pools and foaming rapids.

Before sunset the canyon opened out into a wider and grander one, from which came a low sullen roar.

"Hear that?" called Kalispel, turning to Sydney.

"Do you think I'm deaf? Oh, it makes my skin prickle."

"That's the roar of the Middlefork," declared Kalispel. "An' dog-gone me! I'm shore afraid the meltin' snow has raised the river."

"Will we have to swim our horses across?"

"Gosh, I wish we could. But the danger is we'll have three or four feet of swift water slidin' over slippery rocks. An' if a hoss rolls with you—good-by!"

"Heavens! . . . I should think you'd want to keep me with you a little while, anyway."

"Sydney, I don't savvy you," he retorted. "But I'm tellin' you I'd shore love to keep you with me always."

"Yes? And you're so wondrously brave with men. . . . Oh, the river! Beautiful!— How wide and green and swift! . . . Dare we ever try to ford that?"

"We shore have to. But not here," replied Kalispel, his keen eyes ranging the canyon.

CAMUS CREEK spread wide and shallow over yellow ledges to flow into the river. At this junction the Middlefork was twice as wide as the Salmon, and presented a thrilling and formidable spectacle, roaring around a dark-walled bend, to slide, green and hurrying, down under a colossal bronze-faced mountain wall into a purple gateway beyond. On the Camus Creek side, sage-covered benches sloped down to banks where the lofty pine trees bordered the river. The whole scene had a bigness and roughness that emphasized this opening into the wild Saw Tooth Range.

They forded the Camus to climb a sage-bench, from which a view of the vast, smooth, grassy slopes on the left, swelling and mounting to gold-mantled peaks, capped the climax of that splendid wilderness scene.

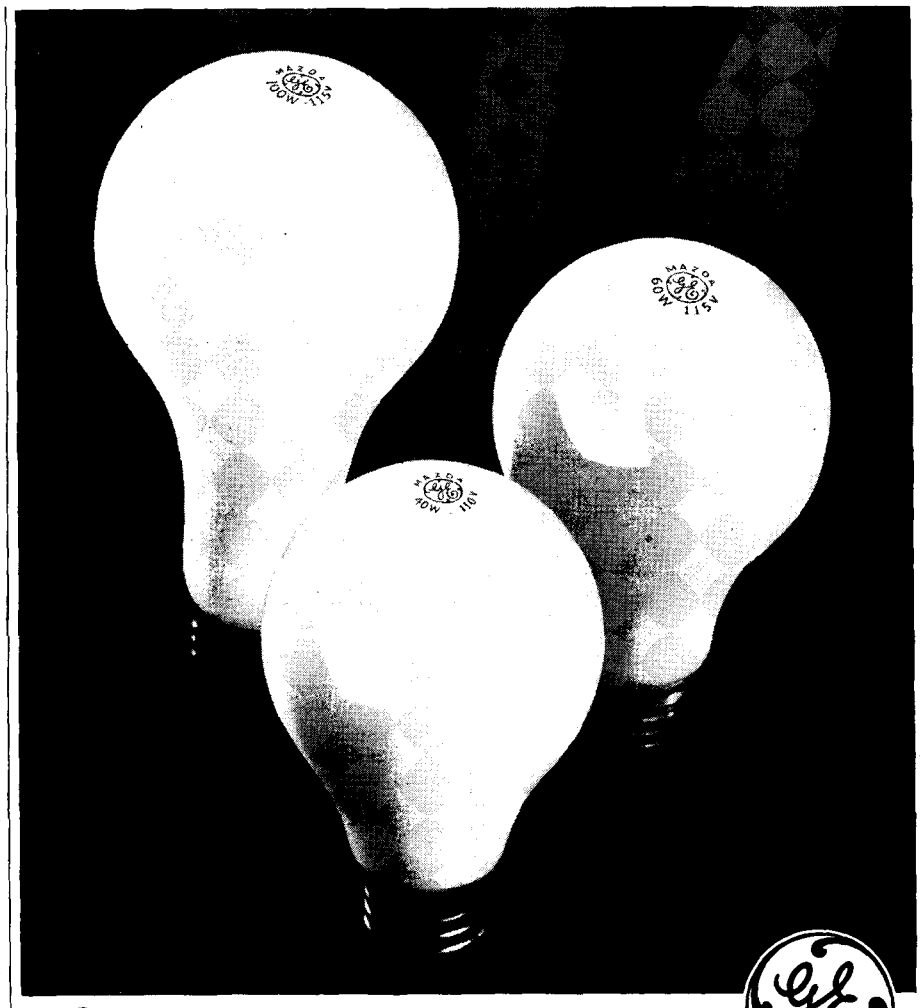
"I'm going to camp right here," declared Sydney, and she dismounted.

"All right," said her guide, smiling.

After supper, the trio sat for an hour around the camp fire.

"You're gettin' a touch of the real wild West here," remarked Kalispel. "But the lonesomeness, an' that strange feeling for which there's no name, don't grip your soul here like they will over in my valley. The voice of the stream is different. Wolves mourn on the

(Continued on page 40)



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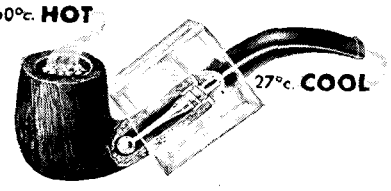

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(Continued from page 39)

slopes. An' the old mountain thunders."

"Thunders! How can a mountain thunder? Is it a volcano?" asked Sydney, greatly interested.

"I can't say how it thunders, but it does. Makes you shiver when you wake up in the middle of the night. It's the mountain on the north side of the valley. Twice as high as that an' amazin' to see. The whole front of it is a mile-high slope of many colors, bare as weathered earth can be. A terrible slant of loose dirt an' gravel an' clay. Seems like it is alive an' growls deep inside."

"Uh! Sounds kind of spooky," declared Sydney.

"Reckon you've hit it—spooky!"

NEXT morning Kalispel rounded up the stock in the gray of dawn, and had his party on the way early. He soon called the attention of the Blairs to a tremendous slope of weathered rock on the other side of the river. It was a slide of talus so high that the ledge from which the mass of loose shale and rock had fallen could not be located from below. Deer and elk and bear trails bisected it low down. It terminated, not many rods below, in a rough white rapids that swept quickly into a deep eddy. If a horse were carried that far he could not scale the steep bluff of rock and would unquestionably be lost in the heavy rapids below.

They plunged in. The ice-cold water splashed up in Kalispel's face. Sydney had not yet realized actual danger. Then suddenly her horse slipped. The water surged up to her saddle. She shrieked and appeared about to throw herself off.

"Stay on!" yelled Kalispel. The animal righted himself. "Pull him downstream a little."

"I thought I—was a gone gosling then," she called, and turned a startled face toward him.

"You're doin' fine. . . . Not much more now. We'll make it."

He kicked and spurred his own mount, which was scarcely doing better than Sydney's. And they entered the bad stretch, slanted a little downstream. Kalispel urged his horse on ahead and closer to hers.

"Give me your hand," he shouted, reaching precariously for her. And he caught hers just in the nick of time, for her horse went down and rolled. Kalispel dragged the girl free from the saddle. His own animal labored, slipped, plunged and snorted furiously. Sydney's weight in the racing current was too great. Besides, the current pulled her head under. Kalispel dragged her up, caught her blouse, and would have succeeded in drawing her across his pommel, but his horse fell. Kalispel swung his leg and slid off. He went almost under. Then, with his boots touching the bottom, he drew Sydney's head out of the water and, leaning back against the current, he used it to hold him up and push him along while he edged toward the shore. When he was about to be carried off his feet a boulder helped him again. By accurate calculation and prodigious effort he reached the shallow water just above the rapids.

He lifted the girl in his arms and, staggering over the slippery stones, he gained the bank and laid her down on a mat of pine needles. She was conscious and no in any way harmed.

Kalispel stood erect to gaze upstream to see how Blair had fared. To his relief his big horse was wading out in the shallow water. Both the other horses, unencumbered with riders, were doing likewise. The burros were already out on the bank.

"Lucky! Wal, I guess," exclaimed Kalispel, as he knelt beside the girl.

"You saved—my life," she said, in wondering gratitude.

Toward the middle of the afternoon of the third day Kalispel ascertained that they were almost over the divide, from the ridge of which they could look right down upon Sam's valley.

He had dreamed a good deal this last day, so that the hours had been as minutes. A thousand times he had glanced back to make sure Sydney's slender, graceful form was a reality, that the pensive face with its dark, challenging eyes was there to gladden his sight. And many of those times had been rewarded by a smile, a gleam or flash or wave of gauntleted hand, something sweet to enhance his dream. At last, love, fortune, happiness were within his grasp.

As he approached the last few rods of the ascent to the summit of the divide he slowed down to let Sydney catch up.

"Oh, how wild and ghastly . . . but beautiful!" the girl panted, as she joined him. "Kal, I shall hug you—maybe, for fetching me here—giving me this—this tremendous experience."

"Kal?" he echoed, in a transport.

"Yes, Kal," she retorted, archly.

"Let me tell you somethin'," he pleaded.

"Well, you've been pretty good lately—for *you*," she temporized, but her eyes were eloquent and warm.

"Sydney, in a moment more we'll be lookin' down into my valley. An' it'll be the happiest moment of my life."

"Little boy, why so pale and solemn? It certainly will not be the unhappiest of mine." She stretched a gloved hand to him. They went on.

Kalispel saw the fringed tip of the south slope rise above the divide.

"I smell smoke," said Sydney.

"So do I," replied Kalispel, in surprise. "That's strange."

The horses stamped up on top. Kalispel swept his eager gaze downward to the gray valley of rocks, the silver winding stream, the grand bare slope looming sinisterly beyond. But what was it that flashed and moved? White tents! Columns of blue smoke rising! Men wading in the stream!

"My God!" burst out Kalispel, his heart contracting.

"Oh! Your valley is full of people!" cried Sydney, in dismay.

KALISPEL stared down into the valley, with a sickening realization that the spectacle below represented a stampede of miners. Long before Jake could have gotten to Boise and back the gold diggings had been discovered.

"Smoke! Tents! Men puttering in the brook! What does it all mean?" exclaimed Blair, in amazed consternation.

Kalispel turned to his friends.

"Folks, I'm so sorry I want to die," he said, huskily. "Our diggin's have been discovered. . . . An' the stampede has begun."

"Oh, Kalispel—don't look—so—so dreadful!" entreated Sydney. "We know it couldn't be your fault."

"Thunderation, boy! If what you say is true—and it looks like it—why there's enough gold for all," added Blair, swallowing his disappointment.

"Let's rustle down," replied Kalispel. But he was inconsolable. He divined a blow, the crushing extent of which he could not grasp. Sam would tell him.

He urged his horse down after the burros. The Blairs followed. As Kalispel descended, his gaze sought to encompass all the activity in that valley. Tents gleamed white and gray in the afternoon sunlight. They appeared to run in two long lines down the middle of the bench, leaving a lane between. That lane was a street. Already a town had been laid out. A keener survey gathered even more dismaying facts. Camps had been located close together all the way down the stream as far as he could see. That meant claims. All available gold-bearing ground could not have been taken up yet, but no doubt the rich claims had been staked.

THE descent of that pass seemed interminable to Kalispel. He never looked back once at Sydney. He pushed the string of burros at a pace that threatened slipping of their packs. At last he drove them out on the level bench, not far from the stream, where they began to crop the green grass. Kalispel dismounted. Whatever he had to encounter here he wanted to face on foot. Thought of Sam's rich quartz claim somehow did not mitigate his queer misgivings. As he threw his saddle, a familiar low, deep rumble brought him up with a start. The old bald-faced mountain had growled ominously.

"Hear that, Blair?" he asked.

"Hear what?"

"Oh, I did. Thunder!" cried Sydney. She was wide-eyed and agitated, and gray of face from fatigue. She reached out her hands for Kalispel to lift her down, and as he leaped to her side she almost fell into his arms.

"You poor kid!" he said, thickly. "Set here an' rest. . . . Blair, you watch the burros while I go see what's what."

Kalispel strode over the rocky bench down to the stream to the nearest camp. Bed-rolls, packs, utensils and stone fireplaces, picks and shovels, piles of wood, all kinds of camp paraphernalia, appeared to line the stream. Of the two nearest miners one was bending over a rock in the stream, and the other, a tall, bearded, wet and dirty young man, evidently having espied Kalispel, advanced to meet him.

(To be continued next week)

"A napkin! If you had any sense of direction you wouldn't need a napkin!" *Whitney Darrow*

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The same old Fight

Continued from page 19

adversary, were distributed; nine thousand publicity women worked to keep Mrs. Boole in touch with newspaper sentiment throughout the entire country; forty-eight state conventions and thousands of county conventions reported their conclusions to her; countless rallies were staged; speakers were furnished for all types of meetings; wherever there was a county fair there was a dry booth and, as election day drew near, outdoor schools were established for instruction in marking ballots.

An Idol Shattered

All of this activity—none of which cost Mr. Hoover's national committee one penny—was in order that he might be elected. Mrs. Boole believes that it helped him. "Down below the Mason and Dixon line," she said, "it was a serious matter for women to abandon a party to which they and their forbears for generations had given allegiance. But they did it. In the face of social ostracism, and the ridicule of a wet Democratic press, they kept up the fight for prohibition, broke the solid South, and thus had much to do with the big majority piled up by the Republican party in the election."

"Mr. Hoover's election," Mrs. Boole went on, "was, we thought, a great thing for the drys. At the very outset of his inaugural address he not only accepted personal responsibility for the enforcement of the law, but also placed upon the people the responsibility for its observance. In ten minutes from the time he had taken his oath of office, the whole world was assured that prohibition was safe in Herbert Hoover's hands."

Mrs. Boole smiled the sorrowfully ironic smile of the unshaken leader, experienced in long strife, who has repeatedly seen her heroes fling down their spears, forsaking her standard. I have said that on August 11th, listening to a radio blare the erstwhile dry candidate's repudiation of his pledge, Mrs. Boole heard the shattering of an idol. The noble experiment to which she has vowed her faith and given her utmost effort is branded a failure, the openly accepted responsibility for the enforcement of the law is repudiated, and by the force of his own words the man who, in Mrs. Boole's opinion, might have become a mighty power in the moral progress of the nation, is transforming himself from such a potentiality into the vague and intangible form of a politician treading an uncertain course. The champion for whom four years ago she fought a triumphant battle has laid down his belt.

Her cause, however, remains. To Mrs. Boole prohibition is bigger than any President. The one is merely a four-year political accident, the other a moral problem which has been with us, as she remarked, "ever since the days of Noah."

"Aren't you discouraged," I asked, "at the present outlook?"

"Why, no. Certainly not. Why should I be?"

"Because," I said, "isn't it likely, now that both major parties have declared for it, that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed?"

"It will not," she replied emphatically. "The Eighteenth Amendment will never be taken from the Constitution. Your own wet leader Chauncey Depew gave the reason in one word, 'Women.' That is the correct answer still. There are five hundred thousand active, organized workers in the W. C. T. U. alone and, reinforced by the other noble women of this country, they will never allow a law to be wiped out which has done us and our homes so much good."

"But, Mrs. Boole," said I, "many of the noble women of this country are urging the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment on the very ground that it is necessary for the safety of the home."

"I will tell you a story," said Mrs. Boole, "that illustrates what I mean: Years ago in addressing the Sunday school of a New York City church, I told the story of a poor woman who had worked hard all day and when she got home sent her little boy across the street for a pint of beer. 'Five times she sent him,' I explained. 'Now, that beer was seven cents a pint and . . .' but I didn't ever finish the sentence because all over the Sunday-school room the children called out: 'No, eight cents.'

"Ah, do you know," went on Mrs. Boole, "the other great social and economic gains prohibition has to its credit—gains which no campaign of vilification and abuse, no professionally led movement for violation of the law can hide from the public? Do you know, for example, that since the adoption of prohibition we have saved the lives of a hundred and seventy thousand men who would have died of drink? This is a greater achievement in a decade than the Rockefeller Research Bureau can claim credit for in all the years of its existence."

Mrs. Boole's convictions are as sincere as her knowledge of the problem is great. Remember, for nearly fifty years she has worked with the W. C. T. U., and she has seen many methods and experiments in dealing with the drink habit and the liquor traffic.

"I still believe," she said, "that national prohibition is the best method of dealing with the liquor problem. In reality it is the only method, because, with all due respect to Mr. Hoover's opinion to the contrary, I have no faith in the ability of American statesmanship to work out a plan under which this country can successfully operate as part wet and part dry."

Supporting No Candidate

"But," I insisted, "public sentiment as reflected at two national conventions doesn't seem to agree with you. What about that?"

"Why," replied Mrs. Boole, "the answer to that is fundamental. Those conventions did not really represent public sentiment. They represented political expediency and a political propaganda financed by the wets. Also, please remember this: The hand-picked delegates to a convention have no responsibility to a constituency, whereas elected congressmen have. And that the congressmen believe that the sentiment of this country is still dry is apparent, because, in spite of all the pressure that was brought to bear on it during its last session, Congress adjourned without bringing in a favorable report on a single beer bill, or on any proposal suggesting the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Furthermore, don't forget that neither one of those conventions represented the feelings of the women of the United States. We constitute half the electorate but at those gatherings we were noticeably present as alternates, not delegates."

"But for whom will you vote in November?" I asked. "Will you go along

(Continued on page 42)

"I am glad you smoke a pipe!"
"WHY DO I say that? Well, just as soon as you come into the house and pack your pipe with Granger, you seem to be in a good humor. I like that Granger, too . . . the aroma is very pleasing. It seems different from other tobaccos."
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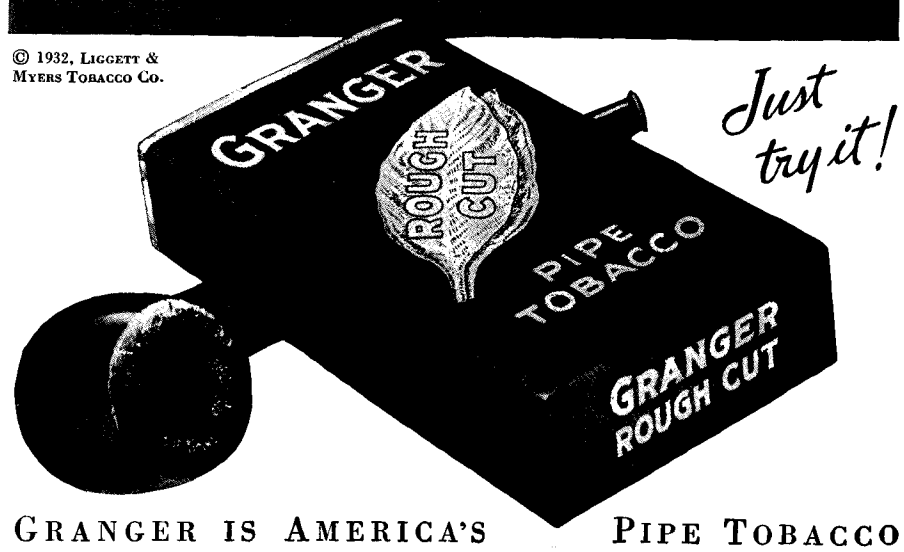

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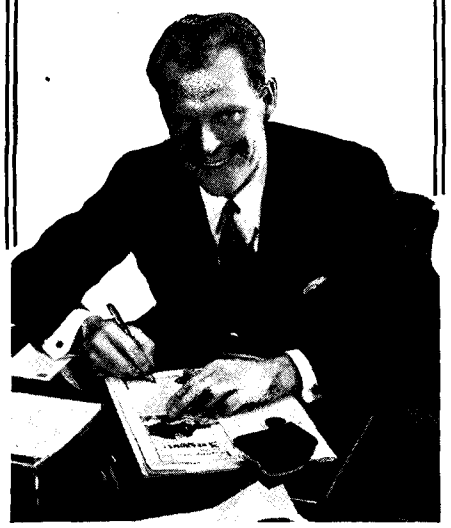

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MONTH DAY YEAR

CW-29

(Continued from page 41)

with Dr. Daniel A. Poling of the Allied Forces for Prohibition, who has assured Mr. Hoover of the support of 1,500,000 drys in his organization?"

"We certainly will not," replied Mrs. Boole. "Dr. Poling is a fine gentleman and I have the highest regard for him, but he speaks for himself and not for the W. C. T. U. when he mentions voting for Mr. Hoover. We did that the last time, and I believe we had much to do with bringing about his election, but now that he has gone farther than his party, and has advocated an amendment giving each state the right to determine its method of liquor control, we are not supporting him, and any statement from Dr. Poling that might tend to create such a belief is unwarranted and unauthorized. Is that clear?"

"It certainly is," I answered, "but I still do not know whom the W. C. T. U. is going to work for. Will it be Mr. Upshaw?"

"No," she replied, "it will not. The reason is fundamental"—all Mrs. Boole's answers are fundamental—"and carries with it no criticism of Mr. Upshaw. This country is controlled by a two-party system, and it is within those parties the W. C. T. U. must exert its influence. The Prohibition party, which has named Mr. Upshaw for the Presidency, did, of course, do us valiant service in propaganda prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. It filled the ranks of both major parties with ardent drys, and held Congress in line for prohibition. That is the status we must now fight to preserve. In that battle the President is of very little practical assistance. His personal observance of the law is, to be sure, a fine public example, and by his appointments he can build up a machine either for or against efficient enforcement. That, however, is about as far as he can go. He can send a message to Congress recommending or disapproving an amendment to the Constitution, but he cannot even vote on the proposal and has no power of veto in connection with it. Consequently, at this time I would not presume to dictate to any member of the W. C. T. U. how she should vote on the Presidency. In that respect individual convictions on other questions of national import can be allowed to decide.

"We will fight both of the platform planks for modification or repeal, and we feel that we can defeat them both. Therefore we call upon dry congressional candidates in both parties to state frankly their intentions to vote against these planks, and to such candidates the W. C. T. U. will give practical support irrespective of party affiliations."

Fifty-eight Years Ago

As I sat by Mrs. Boole's parlor window in the large comfortable chair she appoints to visitors—she herself sits erect in an old-fashioned morris chair with arms carved into lions' heads—and listened to her sincere and confident words, I felt overwhelmingly the structure of her creed. Her home shows it. It is built, every brick, on faith. In her busy, colorful life, working incessantly for a cause which has revealed to her disappointment and tragedy unlimited, which has brought her into contact with every kind of opponent, from hypocritical politician to honest drinker, she has lost none of her faith—the faith of the Ohio Women Crusaders who in the early seventies started out to close the saloons in that state through the efficacy of prayer alone.

Faith is a powerful weapon. According to the history of the Crusaders, they almost made a clean job of it. Some of the then wettest spots on earth—Jess Smith's home town was one of them—were transformed by the praying women into areas so arid that even the newspaper reporters couldn't get a drink, and therefore it was that, when the W. C. T. U. was organized in 1874, prayer was recognized as the prime requisite to success in the promotion of the temperance cause. It still is so recognized.

Because of the prayers, the petitions, and the power of the women it came about that in 1899 the ships of the American Navy became dry territory; in 1901 liquor was barred from Army canteens; in 1903 aliens in immigrant stations were denied the luxury of buying eye-openers and night-caps, while in the same year the congressmen of the land restricted their own supply of cocktails by abolishing the saloon in the basement of the national Capitol. Then in 1904, 1906 and 1908 other arid things came to pass. First the veterans in the old soldiers' homes went involuntarily on the water wagon, next the red men on the reservations were given a free ride under Federal orders, and finally it became illegal for you, me, or anybody else to send a bottle to a friend or a customer via the United States mails. After this, in 1913, came the passage by Congress, over a Presidential veto, of the Webb-Kenyon interstate liquor law.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Mrs. Boole and the women of the W. C. T. U. had wielded a long and busy spoon in stirring up sentiment in favor of the adoption of all of the above anti-alcoholic measures, and now note this about them: They were all nibbles in the same direction. Not one of them was very great in itself, but they all represented prohibitive liquor edicts issued by the Federal government and, taken as a whole, they undoubtedly cast a shadow which foretold a coming event.

In connection with that shadow, which in their opinion was their very own, Mrs. Boole and her militant associates, *in 1911*, issued a warlike proclamation and wrote a battle song.

The proclamation, dated "from Maine, the Home of Neal Dow," and addressed "To America," warned the West in no mere weasel words to step from under because, in less than a decade, prohibition was going to be written into the Federal Constitution, while the song, entitled "A Saloonless Nation in 1920," set an exact date for the fulfillment of the prophecy. The rest is history. The country went dry on schedule time. "But," said Mrs. Boole, "it could not be expected that such a great change in policy could be effected without opposition, and the battle for temperance is still on."

Prepared for Battle

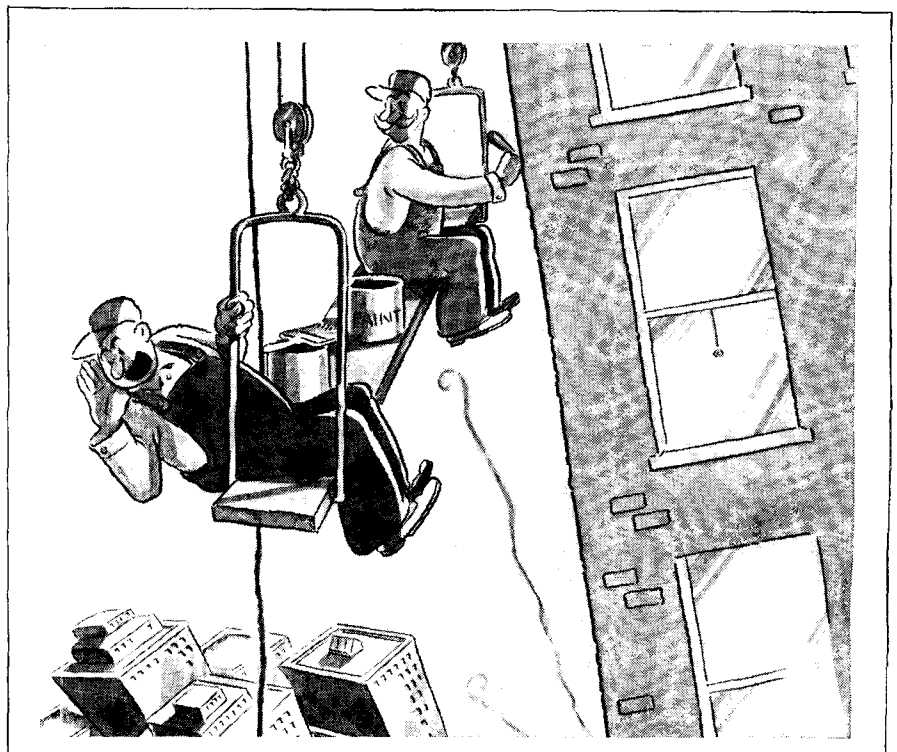
"And how," I inquired, "has that battle progressed? Some people, you know, even some eminent drys, say that young people drink more than they used to; that there are more saloons than before prohibition, and that temperance, generally, has lost ground. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, for example, recently told me that it would take the Cause of Temperance ten years at hard labor to make up for what it had lost in the past ten. What about those things?"

"Your first two questions receive the same answer," replied Mrs. Boole. "A wet press which looks on one intoxicated boy or girl as news but pays no attention to thousands and thousands of sober and happy ones has deliberately created a false impression in the minds of the public. As to Dr. Wilson's statement, I can explain that easily. What he was referring to when he said the Cause of Temperance had lost ten years was not temperance at all but temperance education.

"The difference here is important. The country is far more temperate today than it was before prohibition came, but, as I have already hinted to you, because many temperance organizations believed that a mandatory law against alcohol would take the place of education against it, there was an immediate let-down of effort in that direction. But the W. C. T. U. has never relaxed its efforts in teaching, preaching, and praying against liquor, and we are never going to."

"But," I asked as I picked up my hat and prepared to leave, "have your efforts been rewarded?"

"Most assuredly they have," was the emphatic answer, "and," she concluded, "it may interest a good many congressional candidates to know that the W. C. T. U., even in the face of the depression, is larger today than it ever has been. In our files we have the names and addresses of more than five hundred thousand dry women who will get out and work for dry candidates, and five hundred thousand sincere women can't be wrong."



"Quick, Joe, drop us to the tenth floor. I smell bath salts!"

R. A. Hershberger

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Three Little Words

Continued from page 23

She tried to see nothing but the slim, white loveliness of which she was so proud. And she intended to waste all this allure on that creature. She was going to cast all these pearls before that swine. Oh, she was, was she? Maybe she was. Just maybe she was.

She heard them in the garden. Mike had a drink in one hand. Bill had a drink in one hand and a shaker in the other. Wouldn't they be in dandy form for the Polo Club dance? Most of Patricia's friends would be there. They knew she was strutting a new man. They'd be like eagles. They'd be like hyenas. Strutting? A wave of panic left her jittery. She was a fool to bring him out. She was a fool to take him to that dance.

NORA came in, looking benevolent.

"Listen," Patricia wailed, "to those hoodlums!"

"You're hysterical," Nora said. "Come on, Pat. Calm down."

"All right, all right. But what do you think of him?" She was prepared to defend him hoof and claw.

"Good egg," Nora said.

"Just the same, an egg."

"Yes," Nora agreed, "he's an egg. But so is Bill."

"Well, I'm goofy about him. I'm putty in his hands. And he's terrible. Don't say he isn't. I know he's terrible. What am I going to do?"

Twenty or thirty years ago, the older sister of a girl who propounded such a question would have answered, "There, there. With your refining influence, a year of marriage will work wonders."

What Nora, a 1932 model, said, was, "He reeks with sex appeal. Is he serious?"

"He hasn't even said three little words." And back to her theme song: "But he's just an egg. Just the answer to a gun-moll's prayers."

"Oh, you little snob!" Nora said, and walked out.

Ah! She was a little snob now, was she? She went to a window. Beyond the flower garden was a badminton court. Mike and Bill were playing, missing the bird with wild swings, leaping up with wild leaps, shouting with laughter over their wild misses. Badminton! A bacchanalian revel, she'd call it.

She went gayly down to dinner. That was the note. Gayety. She wouldn't let them suspect that behind this smile lay the wreckage of a life. A life blasted in its springtime.

After dinner, Bill got Patricia off in a corner and said, "Pat, I'm beginning to suspect that you may have a spark of intelligence, after all. When you picked Mike, you really showed that glimmer."

Oh, no. Not a glimmer. Not a real, honest glimmer. That was laying it on a bit too thick. That was flattery, maudlin flattery. Good old Bill. She loved every brain in his head—the whole two ounces.

The announcements said that the dance was being given for the benefit of the hounds. Not the rumhounds. The foxhounds. The big-hearted things were giving this dance for the pack. Somebody had given the pack to the club a year ago. Some of the younger members had gone in for fox hunting in a big way, with pink coats, hunt breakfasts and stirrup cups.

Most hunts, Patricia had gathered, ended with the pack cornering an amazed and indignant cow, or perhaps it was a deer. A panting hart. The hunting members were poor young men, and with times so hard, funds had to be raised to feed the pack. The club couldn't afford to. And the poor young men had no money for dog biscuits. So all proceeds from the tickets were to go to the dog-biscuit fund, after expenses had been deducted: orchestra, supper and punch.

Patricia learned that Mike and Bill were in hearty accord with the project. They favored hounds that hunted in baying packs. They approved of dog biscuits.

But Patricia was more concerned with the impression that Mike was making. So far she had recorded two. One was Sally Davenall's. Sal went miles out of her way to say, in her bright, gay way, "Pat, I think he's gur-r-rand." Sal was a dear. Sal had a perfectly priceless gift for weighing men on the hoof at a glance. You wouldn't lie, would you, Sal? No, Sal wouldn't lie. Sal would only tiptoe up behind you and sink a knife in your back up to the hilt.

The opinion, or opinions, of Spenser Hewling, the sculptor, were almost worth the breath expended on them. And by this hour, it was a costly breath. Spenser gave stronger women than Patricia the jitters. His giddy descents, when tight, from courtly affability to militant ugliness would curl the hair of a bronze lion. She had seen him curl the hair of many a bronze lion.

Immediately after their introduction, Spenser said to Mike: "You've got a magnificent head. I'd like to do that head. It's really a wonderful head. Marvelous sculpturing about the jaws. Notice the flat angles of that nose, Patricia. Notice how the ears lie to the head. Nothing faunlike there. Nothing but strength and driving power. It's a classic head."

But the mustache. Doesn't the mustache get a break? Can't anybody say anything nice about the mustache? Very well. Can anybody say anything insulting about the mustache? Here, here! Mustn't crowd.

Ah, there's Bill. Good old Bill. He appreciates you, Mike. That's quite all right, my lads. Go into your huddle. I love to see the lads go into huddles. Good always comes out of huddles.

"Dance this, Pat?"

SAILING off in the arms of Larry Crofton, Patricia watched the huddle. The huddle was growing. It now numbered eight or ten. The hunting clique! Brandishing their fists. Trouble! Trouble to do with the dog-biscuit fund.

The blow was falling. The orchestra had stopped playing. Howard Cheseldine, the chairman of the entertainment committee, was speaking with a catch in his voice. It seemed that there was, when the expenses were deducted, no fund. What! No fund?

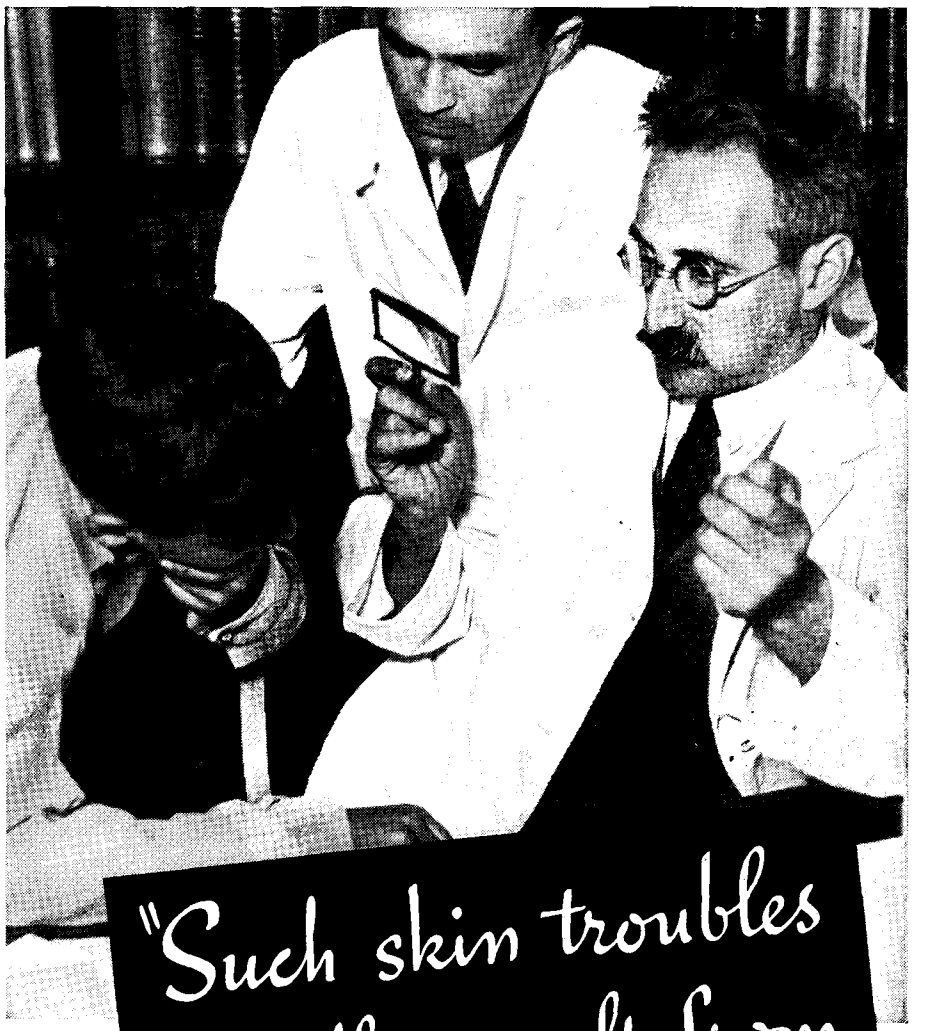
It was too late to save the hounds. The chance had come and gone, Howard Cheseldine said. The hounds might have been saved, but it was too late now. The hounds would have to go.

The orchestra started up. When Patricia danced past the huddle again, she saw that Mike was doing all the talking. She was being cut in on by Pete Kraybill. Good old Pete, the pump-handle dancing man.

Why was the music stopping again? Why was everyone turning toward the platform where the orchestra was? Who were those two stern, silent men standing on the platform waiting for attention?

Not Bill. Not Mike. Oh, dear God,

(Continued on page 44)



"Such skin troubles usually result from faulty elimination"

explains DR. KOENIGSTEIN, of Vienna

DID you know the condition of your skin depends very largely on the functioning of certain *internal* organs? That is the subject of an important medical treatise by Dr. Hans Koenigstein, head of the Clinic for Skin Diseases in the great Rothschild Hospital in Vienna.

Dr. Koenigstein says:—

"I have found that a great many skin diseases . . . troubles such as pimples, boils and acne . . . are usually the result of faulty elimination.

"Laxatives and cathartics cannot correct this trouble permanently . . . The modern dermatologist will find in fresh yeast a food of great value in overcoming constipation and the resulting skin diseases."

If your skin is broken out, or your complexion dull, take this suggestion: Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day.

Then notice, after a few weeks, the improvement in your complexion. Notice, too, how much better you *feel*. Yeast, remember, literally strengthens and "tones" your intestines . . . stimulates secretions . . . purifies . . . brings about easy, *natural* elimination of the body's wastes.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass). Try it!

Dr. Kristian Hynek, author of "Roentgenology of Stomach and Intestines," says: "Yeast is universally recommended by doctors."

"My Skin was getting Worse"

"My complexion began to look very bad," *writes* Miss Frankie Haigler *of Miami, Fla.* "I wondered why. Then I realized that it was because of constipation.

"My French teacher had been advised by her doctor to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I agreed to try it. . . . My constipation entirely disappeared and people noticed the difference in my appearance."

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind doctors advise.

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ANOTHER man has learned it actually costs *less* to stay at Manhattan's tallest, finest, most comfortable hotel!

You, too, can enjoy a quiet, airy, outside room with both tub and shower. Sleep in a soft, luxurious, cushioney bed. Have the extra comfort of circulating ice water, Servidor, bedside and dresser lamps, radio. 2500 rooms, *over five hundred for only $3.50 a day.*

Room and telephone service are just a little faster. Food tastes better. Four fine restaurants serve quality food at substantially reduced prices. It's luxury living at economy prices!

That's why thousands of folks from all over the country are making the Hotel New Yorker their home when on trips to New York.

A "PRIVATE OFFICE" FOR BUSINESS MEN

The New Yorker now offers business men a fully equipped office, with private bath, reception room for callers, message service, secretarial service or private secretary for a small extra charge.

★GEORGE OLSEN'S
FAMOUS ORCHESTRA

Now playing in the smart Terrace Restaurant. You've heard them over the radio, seen them on stage and screen. Now dance to their superb music.

HOTEL NEW YORKER
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RALPH HITZ, *President*

BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL · DETROIT
and VAN CLEVE · DAYTON
also under Ralph Hitz Direction

(Continued from page 43)

not Mike, up there preparing to make a speech. But he was. Oh, goody, goody, goody. Mike was going to make a speech. Golden-hearted Mike had been brooding about the hounds. Don't worry no mo', li'l' hounds. Here comes Mike. Larrupy. Larrupy. Old last-minute man Paul Revere Mike will wangle dog biscuits for you.

Mike looked as sober as a United States Supreme Court presiding justice. She remembered that Mike had admitted to climbing on boxes and demanding fair play for the downtrodden. He had had, as a sophomore, a strong socialistic urge. Anyone who was downtrodden would do. A pack of downtrodden hounds was right up Mike's street.

MIKE was talking. Stop that giggling, you girls. You little hussies, don't you realize that Mike is inspired?

"What is more beautiful, what is more ennobling, my friends, than the devotion of a dog to its master, the master whom he loves, the master for whom he would gladly, nay eagerly, lay down his life?"

It was! It was Mike using all those beautiful big whoms. Mrs. Du Quesne, are you listenin'? You mustn't miss a golden syllable. That's my Mike up there. Who's ashamed? Who would gladly, nay eagerly, crawl under a rock and die? That's right, Mrs. Du Quesne. What a pity your nose isn't a sawed-off shotgun.

Was her nose red! Could this be the door to the veranda? Not really the door to the great outdoors. Could a girl actually walk out that door and be all alone with the stars?

Patricia started down the driveway. The way her knees felt, she would probably be too stiff-legged tomorrow to sit down. She was going to organize a club. She'd call it the Happy Despite Club. Happy Despite Mike. When a Happy Despiter was downcast, she thought of something happy. Ah! Here's something happy. Only twenty hours. Only twelve hundred minutes. Only—only seventy-two thousand seconds, and Mike would be speeding back to New York.

What was the uproar in the clubhouse about? Were they going to lynch Mike, or were they going to throw him to the hounds? Please don't throw him to the hounds until I cut off his mustache to remember him by.

A woman inside the clubhouse door was saying: "That young man is right. These people ought to be ashamed of themselves, ignoring their very b-best friends."

Was this maudlin unknown praising Mike? Was there actually a person left in the world with a good word for Mike?

There was Bill. Bill was standing up. He was saying that the dog-biscuit fund had forty-two dollars in it, thanks to the collection just taken up. He was asking that they elect Mike Honorary Master of Foxhounds.

Everybody was cheering, and Mrs. Du Quesne was saying in Patricia's ear, "Some of us are sneaking away to my place. Won't you and that young man come with me in my car?"

Not Mike. Mrs. Du Quesne wasn't referring to Mike. Where was Mike? Where was that cherub?

"Can you tie it, baby?" he crowed when she found him. "I'm Master of Foxhounds, and I've never been on a horse!"

She implored, "Pul-leaze, Mike, be nice to her. She's the Mrs. Du Quesne. She's the most important person here, really. It's a grand chance."

"To what?"

"Why! To get in with the right people."

"The Master of Foxhounds knows no social barriers."

Just like a boy. Just like a happy, care-free boy with a new toy. No more real harm in him than in a fifteen-foot alligator.

But on the drive to the Du Quesne estate he sat comfortingly silent between her and Mrs. Du Quesne. He was impressed. He was an angel. And it was a beautiful car, with its chromium gadgetry, a uniformed chauffeur. She would compliment Mrs. Du Quesne on this gorgeous new car.

"It's a heavenly car," Patricia said.

"Driving a boat like this," Mike said sourly, "is just a progressive luncheon from one filling station to the next."

That was the way to talk to Mrs. Du Quesne. Don't let her think you have the least respect for anything. Why not pull her hat down over her ears and whang her on the back?

Mike managed to vanish when the car reached the Du Quesnes' porte cochère. Patricia joined a group and life went on. She had never seen a country estate so beautiful. How marvelous it would be to know the Du Quesnes really well. There wasn't a door they couldn't open for a girl. . . . What was all the excitement about down there on the lawn? Had somebody really fallen into the bird bath? Was there any doubt who it was? Could there possibly be any doubt? And had he really stepped on and squashed Mrs. Du Quesne's pet blue turtle, Nebuchadnezzar?

It was too late to pretend that she didn't know Mike, but she could pretend he was a blind date. Now, there was an idea!

Would somebody please let her explain that Mike was a blind date, that she'd never clapped an eye on him before tonight?

Mike was explaining something himself. He wanted to go for a real swim. Someone suggested the Phillipses' brand-new pool. Someone else suggested that the Phillipses hadn't gone to the P. C. dance and would be in bed, it being now one-forty.

So a score of them began climbing into cars and Patricia was still unable to explain laughingly that Mike was a blind date. And half an hour later the Phillipses, decently abed, awoke to the sound of revelry on their front lawn.

The Phillipses came down in their dressing-gowns, appearing to be elated at the prospect of sharing their new pool with twenty people, mostly strangers, at 2:15 A. M. But Patricia knew better. They were charter members of the Happy Despite Club.

ENOUGH swimming suits to go around were found; mostly new ones, still in boxes, being saved for the pool's formal christening next week. Patricia hovered close to Mrs. Du Quesne. Mrs. Du Quesne, with a gallant assumption of jollity, had come along. But Patricia wasn't deceived. Mrs. Du Quesne, too, was a Happy Despiter. She had come along because her party had come along.

Mrs. Du Quesne was going home. She had to play golf with her daughter at ten. Good-by, Mrs. Du Quesne, good-by. I did my best. God knows I tried to tell you he was a blind date.

But why was Mrs. Du Quesne putting her arm around Patricia's shoulders? What did it mean? Sympathy? This was her opportunity. She would, with soft little laughs, explain that Mike was nothing but a blind date. Practically a stranger, Mrs. Du Quesne.

Mrs. Du Quesne was saying, "Darling, I think your Mike is a perfect peach. Bring him over tomorrow night for supper."

Oh, it was just a dream. That's what it was. This wasn't happening to her. It was happening to Alice in Wonderland.

Where was Mike? Mike was doing a jackknife off the springboard. A nice clean one. The swim in the icy water was restoring Mike to normalcy. On the drive home he was gravely enthusiastic. He'd had a great time. And he was Honorary M. F. H.

"If we haven't any plans for luncheon tomorrow," he was saying, "the Phillipses want us over."

Patricia took that one on the chin. She went down for the count. She couldn't think. When she said good night to Mike, at the head of the stairs, she really meant good-by.

In bed, she tried again to think. What a cockeyed world it was. Something was wrong somewhere. Perhaps she was losing her mind. Perhaps by morning she'd think she was Mary, Queen of Scots.

A crash in the kitchen terrified her. She sat up in bed and turned on the light. Was it Mike? Mike raiding the icebox at 3:30 A. M.?

Shivering, she slipped out of bed and into a dressing-gown and mules. She couldn't stand it any longer. She was going down there and tell him so. She was going to tell him what she thought of his début. She was going to tell him to get out of her life. She crept downstairs. She felt faint. She must be calm.

SHE opened the kitchen door. It was Mike, with a cigarette in one hand, a sandwich in the other. In a shaggy white toweling robe he looked like a polar bear. He grinned.

"What was that crash?" she said hysterically.

"Just a bowl of apple sauce. It slipped."

She looked at the pond of apple sauce and the fragments of orange bowl on the linoleum.

"It did?" she wailed. "It slipped?" Couldn't she be calm? Must she be hysterical? The saxophone in her throat said, "Life is like that. Just a series of broken bowls of apple sauce."

"Listen, baby," Mike said, in a voice husky with excitement. "I've got the third act. Listen! The curtain goes up. We see the skipper's quarters on a banana boat. She's ready to sail for Central America. The lines are cast off. The whistle blows. A tug toots."

"Who cares?" Patricia yelled.

"Sh-h-h-h!"

"I won't!" she howled.

"You'll wake up Bill and Nora."

"Damn Bill!"

"You're noisier than a New York milk wagon."

She knew it. She couldn't say what she wanted to say. And her voice was slipping away from her like an eel.

"I don't care!" she screamed.

Mike discarded his sandwich and cigarette. He clapped one hand to the small of her back. He clapped the other to her mouth. He hoisted her up and ran with her out of the kitchen, down the hall and out into the garden, as one might run with a cat that one suddenly decides to drown.

He sat down on a bench and took her on his lap. He put his hand behind her head and pulled it down until there was a tickling-prickling sensation against her upper lip. She was shivering. She felt like saying something silly. "After all," she felt like saying, "you're just another débutante with a mustache."

A warm mouth was kissing her mouth. Peace, contentment and a divine delirium possessed her.

"Ah-h!" she sighed. She was a greedy little pig.

"You worry too much," Mike was saying. "After this, you let Mike do your worrying."

Then he said three little words.

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The Hard Case

Continued from page 21

A Dutchman! But you got in the way. . . . Oh, don't you see! . . . They, the men, are jealous of the Yank. He talks sarcastic—about their slow work! . . . I . . . I . . . don't want to carry yarns! . . . But, sir, is there a better sailor aboard the ship? I . . . I . . ."

"A bloody piece of dirt," growled the mate. "They put it up on him, because he's a better sailor!"

"Exactly," concluded Captain Prideau.

"That lousy Willis, eh!" exclaimed the mate.

"HARDLY sensible—not to say *just* in this case—to have the best hand in the ship in irons!" suggested the captain. "But he hit you, mister, not me!" he concluded significantly.

"What the hell's a punch on the snoot?" demanded the mate. "And especially when it's an accident intended for a Dutchman! . . . I am for taking the irons off him, Captain—and they did him in, too! Worked the sailmaker to holler—then the whole crowd swarmed on the Yank. . . . He bloody near licked them all, too! . . . If it's all right with you, sir, I'll go in there myself and take the irons off him!"

"Go ahead, mister!" said Captain Prideau.

The boy shivered. He saw a picture of the room in the deckhouse. The Yank asleep in his blanket, generously surrounded by the best of the cabin stores! And a picture of the mate making this interesting discovery!

The mate had gone forward to the deckhouse. He unlocked the door. As the boy had anticipated, the Yank was rolled in his blanket. But the Yank was an old campaigner. Not a sign of cabin stores greeted the mate's entrance. The Yank, who had been very wide awake for some time, opened his eyes.

"Yes, sir?" he said.

"I have found out a lot about last night's work," said the mate. "A punch on the jaw don't amount to much, especially when it's an accident. I don't suppose you're proud that you hit me?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the Yank respectfully.

The mate unlocked the irons.

"Then that's all right," he said. "Get your breakfast and return to duty."

"Thank you, sir!"

The Yank had hardly said this when the Kenyon shivered as from a mortal blow. She rolled.

"My God," yelled the mate, "she's broaching to! Has the wind shifted?"

He and the Yank surged out on deck together.

"No, sir," yelled the Yank. "It's the rudder. She's lost her rudder. . . . Look aft. . . . See! The wheel!"

"All hands," yelled the mate. "Shorten sail. Run aft, Yank, while I get the crowd busy. We're liable to swamp!"

With a sickening crash the fore-topmast, topgallant mast and all the yards above the foreyard broke and fell. The sudden coming into the wind—a strong gale when aft, almost a hurricane when close to it—had snapped the masts. This sudden lightening of her top-hamper probably saved the Kenyon. It also helped her to heave to. But the falling spars had killed three sailors.

All so sudden—this disaster.

The great waves had filled her deck. That fine fair gale which had been booming the barque towards the Cape was now as deadly as a horde of hungry wolves to a weary traveler. The rudder, which had of course been taking heavy blows from the following seas for weeks, had snapped one of its pintles—the hooks on which a rudder hangs and swings. The Kenyon, crushed and battered, was hove over on her beam ends. Then the main-topgallant mast crashed. It was this spar which killed the second mate, who was trying to get forward to help clear away the spars of the foremast.

The halyards had been let go, but the barque heeled so far over that the yards—what were left of them—would not come down. It was cut, cut, cut away; the Kenyon a wreck in the trough of a great sea, in the teeth of a great gale—with, yet, fine sunlight glinting on the southern ocean.

The Yank, obeying the mate, tried to run aft. All he could do was crawl and fight his way along the rail. When he reached the poop he found the boy and the man who had been at the now useless wheel lifting Captain Prideau to windward of the skylight. The old man had fallen and broken his leg.

"Never mind me," he was saying. "Oh, that's you, Yank. Go for'ard! The second mate is dead. Tell the mate that I have appointed you second mate for the rest of the passage. . . . The rudder is hanging by some chain or other—liable to punch a hole in her—but tell the mate we must get her to the wind, and get rid of that raffle before trying to rig a jury rudder. . . . Go along, now—all three of you!"

Then the old man fainted.

"Steward!" the Yank shouted.

"Here!"

The steward crawled out of the companion.

"Take care of the Old Man," ordered the Yank, "and of whoever you find hurt. . . . You're now the doctor, sick bay orderly—everything! Get busy. I am the second mate!"

"Very good, sir!" answered the steward.

As he spoke, the Kenyon plunged like a stricken salmon—as if trying to shake herself free from the appalling hook of her wreckage.

"Come on, kid!" the Yank shouted. "You, too!" to the man who had been at the wheel. "If we don't get those damned spars off her she'll be pounded to bits."

THE wreckage of the spars was tangled like a log jam in a raging river torrent. And the green seas were throwing themselves over it, making all effort a horror and a threatening death.

"Thank God, it's daylight!" growled the Yank. He found all hands that were able struggling ineffectually to clear the ship—led, it appeared, by the carpenter, who was going about the job in the wrong way.

"Where's the mate?" shouted the Yank.

"We put him in the forecastle," answered Willis. "He's all busted up—crushed between two spars!"

"I'll take charge," shouted the Yank to the carpenter. "I am now second mate of this hooker!"

"You . . ." began Willis.

The Yank took a grip of the man's throat. Not to hurt him, because the new second mate knew that he needed every bit of man power he could get. Yet he shook him viciously, while all men watched. . . .

"Any more out of you—or any of you—and I'll ride you from here to Cape Town. Get busy now. I'll tell you how!"

He threw Willis away.

"Well?" he asked.

"Anything you say, sir!" said Willis quaveringly.

(Continued on page 46)

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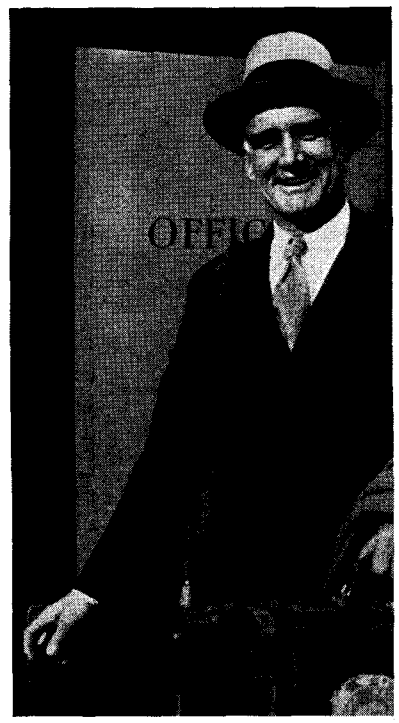

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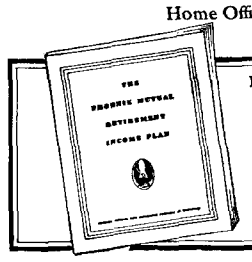

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(Continued from page 45)

"Snap to it, men. . . . Come on! Here, Chips—that axe!" the Yank yelled encouragement.

The men followed and obeyed him like a trained team. . . . They had found a leader—a *man* who was their boss.

CAME a time of prodigious, unceasing effort. The Kenyon was a stout ship, and she weathered the awful buffeting. Towards evening the Yank felt he could attend to the business of rigging a jury rudder, and of getting her on her course again. She was rolling badly but was no longer on her beam ends. Obeying the Yank's orders, the steward had made sandwiches of cabin grub. The mate had been taken aft to his room. As the men gulped the food the hard case asked, "How's the captain, steward?"

"In pretty bad shape, sir."

"I was afraid so . . ." He paused, thinking. "It will be up to me to get the barque into Cape Town for refitting. The kid and me can do some sort of navigation." Then aloud, "Serve all hands a double tot of grog, steward!"

The steward had never before received that order from anyone of less authority than the captain, but he obeyed without a murmur.

"Now, men, get the large hawser aft," shouted the Yank. "Come on, carpenter—seems the rudder is still hanging there. Get your cold chisel and hammer."

"Yes, sir!"

"Sailmaker," added the Yank, "you sew the dead men up. Make a nice job of it—and two heavy shackles at each of their feet."

The sailmaker went at this melancholy business. The men were bringing aft the heaviest hawser for a jury rudder.

The Kenyon, of course, did not carry a spare "rudder." To say a ship carried a spare rudder is as silly as to say she carried a spare keel. No ship, either merchantman or man-of-war, ever carried such a thing—for the excellent reason that it is impossible to ship a rudder at sea, even if the pintles (the rudder hooks) are not broken when the rudder is lost, which they inevitably must be. So now the plan was to steer with a hawser astern and tackles from each quarter.

But the rudder, a useless wreck, was still hanging and banging against the stern post. And to cut it adrift presented more than a difficulty—even after such a day of stress and death getting rid of that rudder loomed appallingly.

"All right, Chips," said the Yank grimly. "You'll have to go over the side. We'll fix a bowline on a bight—safer than a bos'n's chair—no fear of you getting washed out. Looks like there is just one piece of chain holding. Never saw the like before! Her chains are riveted awful high! Are you pretty good working under water?"

The carpenter looked at the surging swell of waves around the counter of the Kenyon. She was an iron ship, and the carpenter turned pale.

"Yes," said the Yank. "Guess you're tired, Chips. Most of us are. So! Well, I wouldn't ask a man to go where I wouldn't be willing to go myself! Get me that bowline. Here, kid," to the worshiping boy, who had been doing the work of a man, without breakfast, for hours. "You and me will do this job. Give me the chisel and hammer, Chips!"

"Sir"—the carpenter was almost weeping—"I'll try it, but I can't swim, and I was always scairt of water. If one of them waves goes over my head—I shiver and lose my hammer!"

"I know," said the Yank kindly. "So I'll do it! The rest of you stand by—case I do go for a swim by accident! . . . And, Chips, since we have no time to lose, you get short booms rigged on the quarters, and tackles. . . . Ready to steer. . . . Hop to it, men! . . . Come on over here, kid!"

"Yank—" the boy was, like the carpenter, almost sobbing. "Yank, you can't do that!"

"It's got to be done," said the Yank grimly. "And nobody could do it better than me!"

"Let me try," begged the boy. "The ship needs you—but anybody can keep time and strike the bells like me!"

"Kid, you have the bowels of a John Paul Jones," laughed the Yank. "You shall hold the rope with the bowline around that pin there. Come on, now." He bent and whispered into the wind and the boy's ear, laughing as he did so. "Remember, I'm an officer now, you young rapscallion. . . . How about that grub you took to a common sailor that was in irons?"

The boy blushed, but he reacted to the infectious laugh and made a bowline on a bight on the rope's end. . . .

"Make it fit," kidded the Yank.

They took a turn of the rope around a pin. The Yank slipped into the bowline. He took the hammer and chisel. They lowered him over the ship's counter. The boy had the rope. A man offered to take it. The boy protested.

"Let him handle it," ordered the Yank, taking a deep breath as the water came over his chest.

The art of seamanship is far older and more marvelous than the science of navigation, because in the first is the soul of man, in the last the observation with instruments of the stars and sun and moon. . . . The Yank, going over the Kenyon's side to what seemed like certain death—to save his ship by offering his own life—was a seaman. A professor in college might teach navigation, but no teaching could make a sailor like the Yank.

The water took him. The boy, searching all within himself to aid, watched the rope, the bowline holding the heroic Yank. Under water, that hard case was using his chisel and hammer to free the ship of the dangerous, broken rudder. . . .

The men who were not aiding the carpenter watched, awestruck. . . . Then the tension took Chips and his crew—and they quit work to watch. The boy, proud of his place at the rope, breathed prayers. The ship surged, and the half-drowned Yank was dragged up for air.

"Oh, God," the boy watched his turn on the pin with the rope. "Oh, God—lend a hand, please!"

AGAIN the ship surged, and again the gallant Yank was submerged. And from somewhere in that crew of men—even from the soul of Willis—came . . . what is it that *does* come in such a crisis? No one knows. . . . But it came—a deep pulse of psychic hope, which some call prayer. . . .

Anyway, forgetting metaphysics, the ship surged again. The Yank came up out of the water grinning. They hauled him on board—reverently, as befitted a hero who had saved his ship. And the old, broken rudder of the Kenyon, severed from the stern post, had sunk down deep to the primeval ooze from which life long ago emerged.

"Now"—the Yank shook himself. "Now, men, out with that hawser—let's get her set on a course for Cape Town." He turned upon them, laughing. "Cape Town . . . Table Mountain . . . A month or more in port—beer. . . . Girls! . . . Come on now, my bullies!"

So they rigged the best and simplest of jury rudders—a hawser astern, managed by tackles from the quarters. . . .

They finished, breathing hard, worn out. . . . Four men were set to steer her, on a course the Yank guessed at—he had not time to do more. . . . Then he lifted his tired, worn face to a more heart-rending job. . . .

"Men, those shipmates of ours that died . . . We have to bury them!"

The men nodded. . . . They looked at the deck. . . . They did not look at the Yank or at one another. . . . Something sacred came—with the deepening twilight.

"Kid," said the Yank, "go below and borrow the captain's prayer book!"

He stood there, wet through, stood like a man and a seaman where another would have shivered and wilted. . . . And the boy came up the companion with The Book of Common Prayer.

"Find the place, kid," said the Yank gently. "I have seen it done lots of times but when it comes to religion I'm not an able seaman—I'm not even *ordinary!*"

THE boy found the place, the form of Prayers for the Burial of the Dead at Sea.

On the main deck, with the seas still washing fore and aft, they all gathered. The still shapes, sewed in canvas by the sailmaker, were carried gently to a grating rigged at a wide-open port. Then the steward brought out the flag, and covered those shapes. . . .

The Yank opened the prayer book. His voice broke.

That wonderful service, with the wind singing in the broken rigging of the Kenyon—a glory of the sun on things, and the darkness gathering. "'We therefore commit this . . . these bodies to the Deep.' . . ."

The Yank paused. His face worked. . . .

"I can't see to read any more. . . . Let them go. . . . God bless them!" And the dead men went. . . . Their shrouded forms slipped from under the flag to share the heroic sleep of mariners.

Two weeks of care and difficult navigation. The captain and the mate were still in their bunks, but recovering.

"Kid," said the Yank, "jump aloft—as high as our busted wings will let you—and look-see! Between the two of us we have done some fancy navigating—take a look and see if we've done it right!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the boy. "Do you think I will see land?"

The Yank laughed.

"You've done as much of the figuring as me," he said. "Get aloft, and find out!"

The boy obeyed. In a few moments his voice hailed the deck. "Land right ahead, sir!"

"Table Mountain," shouted the rejoicing Yank, who had hardly slept since the Kenyon was dismasted. "Come down, boy!"

Slowly the land loomed. The Mountain and Cape Town welcomed the laboring, wrecked Kenyon to its shelter. . . .

"What will you do, Yank?" asked the boy.

"Get the Old Man to pay me off," said the Yank. . . .

"But . . . why . . . why?"

"Get paid off and go on a spree," said the Yank tiredly.

"But why be paid off—why not finish the voyage?" The boy was greatly disturbed.

"Can't come back as able seaman on a ship where I was second mate, captain, bottle washer and all that!" said the Yank gently.

"But why not go before a board of captains and get your second mate's ticket?" protested the boy. "I know the insurance demands a second mate with a ticket. But you can get it easy. . . . After what you've done here they'll just about give it you. . . . Don't you think . . ."

"Kid," interrupted the Yank, "if I'd ever had brains enough to think I never would have gone to sea!"

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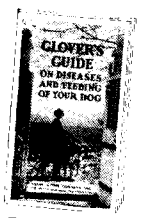

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Not All Romance

Continued from page 13

and showing no trace of the easy, conquering air that had so impressed her? And was this Dan, lumbering, uncouth Dan, this steel-eyed man? A painful, almost hysterical confusion possessed her.

"Ivy has told you, of course, that I'm going to do what she wants." Dan was speaking again. "But there are one or two things I've got to know about. Do you love Ivy? And when I say love I mean love." The tone had the bite of a gimlet. "For better or for worse, for richer for poorer?"

"Yes." A secret exultation stirred Hardy. He had figured on a scene, but this was easy. The poor sap! Maybe he meant to hand over as much as a million. Some luck!

"ALL right then," said Charlton, nodding as one completely satisfied. "You can go to Reno, Ivy, and get the divorce. Now let's get on to the money arrangements."

"I don't see any need for discussing them." Hardy permitted himself the gesture, convinced it was a safe one.

"You don't?" Charlton showed surprise. "Well, I do. Surely you can't expect me to be without interest in Ivy's future? She's the mother of my children, and also happens to have been my wife for ten years. After loving her and looking after her all that time, isn't it natural for me to want to know how you propose to care for her? I can't imagine anybody with a better right to ask about your income."

"My income?" The words were stammered.

"Of course. You expect to support Ivy, don't you?" Charlton, chin thrust out, waited for an answer but none came. "I know it's the fashion these days for a deserted husband to finance the new household, but I'm not quite modern enough for that. When a man comes into a home and steals a wife it doesn't seem quite fair to me that he should also be allowed to walk away with the house, the grounds and the bank roll. Or maybe you feel differently about it?"

"Certainly not." Hardy, dry-mouthed, had some difficulty in getting the upper lip loose from his teeth.

"Fine!" For the first time warmth crept into the grim voice. "I thought you'd feel that way, for I paid Ivy the compliment of believing she wouldn't fall in love with a gigolo. That's why I did what I did." He paused, and then resumed cheerfully: "Even if you were low enough to want it, I haven't got any bank roll to hand over."

"What!" The exclamation left Hardy's tongue before he could restrain it.

"Not a cent. This last week I put my entire fortune in two trust funds for the children, leaving just enough to buy a cattle ranch for myself in New Mexico. I grew up out there and have always planned to go back."

"You're lying." Hardy, his face contorted by rage, sprang to his feet. "You can't get away with any bluff like that, Charlton. You know damned well that Ivy's entitled to a settlement and alimony, and—"

"Dent!" Ivy's agonized cry rang through the room.

"Oh, for God's sake, have some sense." Hardy, like a trapped animal, lost all sense of caution. "I don't make enough to keep you in stockings."

"So that's how it is." Dan was out of the chair without seeming to have moved, and pushed Ivy to one side, firmly if gently. "Then you lied? About loving Ivy? What you really wanted was not my wife but my money!"

Stepping forward with catlike quickness, his open hand met Hardy's cheek with a resounding report. Almost in the same movement he took the bond salesman by the collar, dragged him to the front door and kicked him down the steps. Returning with the happy stride of one who has chored a pleasant chore, more a delight than duty, he found Ivy face down on the couch, her shoulders shaken by sobs.

"DON'T," he said, sitting by her. "There's nothing to cry about now."

"Oh, Dan, Dan!" Timid fingers reached out to touch his sleeve. "I'm ashamed. *So* ashamed. How can you even speak to me?"

"That's easy, darling." Patting her softly, he tried to lift the bowed head. "I love you."

"Dan! Dear, dear Dan!" The little hand was now clutching him tightly.

"About the money and that New Mexico ranch, Ivy." Charlton cleared his throat apprehensively.

"Yes?"

"Well, that's what I've done, honey. I wasn't lying."

"Oh!" The black head lifted and dark eyes shone through the tears. "I was so afraid you were."

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Ralph Fuller

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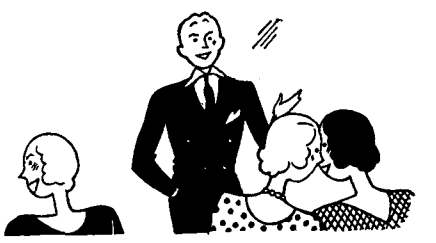

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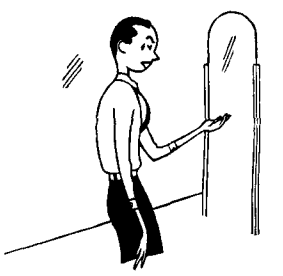

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Too Many Wives

Continued from page 9

"Well," said Doctor Kerr, "the telegram instructed me to inform you that my rancho was at your disposal—all charges guaranteed by the sender's bank."

"That's awfully decent," said Derek. "It must be Sam Rompff who sent it. White lad, old Sam. He owns United."

"I see," said Doctor Kerr. "If you would care to come out now—I have a car."

HYMIE FEINEMAN'S butler crossed the Richfield Hotel in Barstow off his list.

"I've called every 'otel between 'ere and San Francisco, sir, on the coast and inland routes, sir, and I've just checked Barstow. Shall I go to Las Vegas that way?"

Hymie looked at his notes and checked distances on his map. He shook his head.

"He wouldn't cross the Mojave. Now he's not in Caliente and he hasn't reserved at Ensenada and he's not at Noah Beery's Paradise—that leaves the route to Tucson. Start calling from Banning on."

Hymie leaped to his feet as the butler turned to the phone once again. At the doorway Hymie bawled for George, his chauffeur.

"Get the Lantria out—and throw some stuff in my bags. And make it fast—I got an idear."

"Yes, Mr. Feineman."

Two hours later the desk clerk at the Santa Rita was on the wire.

"Yes, sir—he was here before noon but he didn't register. Doctor Kerr of the Rancho Repos met him—yes—he went there in the doctor's car—about eight miles out on the road to Mount Lemmon."

"O. K." Hymie grabbed his hat and rushed out of the door. "I'll drive, George!"

For the first time in months Mr. Vane really enjoyed himself. At forty dollars a day, not paid by himself, he awoke luxuriously to Miss Doran's smile and submitted to a temperature and pulse reading at her soft hands—to a bath of warm Vichy water and a Swedish at the capable hands of Swenson the masseur—to a breakfast at the hands of Leon the chef and to nine holes of golf. To a loll in the sun with a towel about his middle while Miss Doran, by request, read to him under a beach umbrella—to a plunge in the tiled pool—to long evenings under the stars and the low, yellow moon of Arizona—with Miss Doran, by request.

Miss Doran was lovely—a lithe young thing with a ludicrous air of being about serious business—until stopped, by request—whereupon she became a delightful companion.

"You know, Ruth," Derek said, "there is something about a beautiful woman that does more to make a man feel better than all the medicines and doctors in the world."

"I wonder," said Miss Doran, "how many nurses you've said that to."

"Me? I've never had a nurse before."

The telephone on the wall of the bungalow's living-room buzzed discreetly. Miss Doran took down the receiver.

"Office," said the other end. "A visitor to see Mr. Vane."

"You have a visitor," said Miss Doran.

"A visitor—who is it?"

"Miss Blythe," said Miss Doran. "She's the actress, isn't she?"

"Stella—she's my— What does she want?"

"Will you see her?" asked Miss Doran.

"I suppose I'll have to," Derek sighed. "Yes—tell them I'll see her—and don't go, Ruth."

Miss Doran departed.

A few moments later there was a knock on the bungalow door and Watcherley, the day orderly, opened it.

"Miss Blythe, sir—to see you."

Stella stood just inside the doorway, looking at Derek—a pale blond flame of a woman, her large blue eyes melting with compassion. Then she went toward him, quickly flinging her bag and gloves to the day bed and catching his hands in both of hers.

"Poor—poor Derek!" she crooned. "I'll help you in any way I can—I'm to see Doctor Kerr in a few minutes and find out everything, and I'll tell you what he says—truly I will—and I'll take a little house here and nurse you myself."

"Say—wait!" yelled Derek. "I don't want you to nurse me. I gotta nurse. I—"

There was a knock on the door and Watcherley's carrot head peeked in.

"Doctor Kerr is free now, mum—in his office. He'll see you—the second bungalow from the main offices."

"Now you be good, Derek, until I get back—I'll fix everything." She swept out, her little lacquered heels tapping decisively on the steps.

"There's another lady to see you, Mr. Vane—Miss Fairchild—Dolores Fairchild. She's the picture actress, ain't she?"

"She never could act," said Derek. "She's my other—"

"What'll I tell her?"

"Oh, Lord!" Derek covered his face. "You can't tell her anything—she always gets her own way no matter what you tell her."

"Yes, sir. I sorta gathered that." Watcherley disappeared and five minutes later there was another clack of heels on the walk.

"Well," Dolores put her hands on her hips, "so the invalid sits up! That's fine." She came toward Derek with quick, long strides.

"This was my idea, your coming here—I knew you'd be better away from Hollywood—and I'm going to see it through."

THE door opened and Stella Blythe halted on the threshold—staring.

"What are you doing here?"

"Why shouldn't I be here? I've as much right as you have!"

"You little fool—I might have known when I told you, that you'd sneak right down here with your goo-goo eyes and your baby talk!"

"I guess I'm paying half of his expenses—"

"Do you want to kill him! You almost drove him crazy when you were married to him."

Derek flung himself on the bed, stuffing his ears with his fingers, rolling and moaning.

"Get out! Leave me alone! Both of you!"

"We'll see about this," Dolores snorted. "I had Copell make the arrangements with Doctor Kerr by wire—"

"I made half of them," Stella sobbed. "I'll see Doctor Kerr now."

"Not without me, you won't!"

Both ladies grabbed at the doorknob and each other's hands. The door flew open. Both ladies went out with an angry staccato click of heels, leaving the door open behind them.

Derek Vane lay quiet for a moment,

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then he leaped to the wardrobe and started to dress feverishly. He was tying his tie when Hymie Feineman pushed the door open the rest of the way and entered.

"What a fine guy—at my age I should be Philo Vance for an actor like you—all the way from Hollywood—all night in the car—"

"Quick, Hymie—if you love me—"

"I hate you!"

"No, Hymie, listen—get my nurse quick!"

"I'LL get your nurse, I'll get your keeper! You should yell at a good friend like me to you? You don't know it, I suppose, but it's hell to pay and no postdated checks—with Sam Rompff yelling and Vic Schmick trying to think and me trying to find you with half a hunch and a company supposed to be shootin'—and you talk to me!"

"It's my wives—both of them. I'm not sick!"

"I know it—that was the hunch—the idear—but it went phlooey out in the desert—a guy who is supposed to be sick because his friends talk about it but really he ain't, only he believes it himself pretty soon—you got it? You seen The Nervous Wreck? But it won't come out—there ain't no more plot!"

"For God's sake, listen to me, will ya, Hymie! Stella and Dolores—they both fixed it for me to come here. You know how ex-wives are? Just good pals—well, they wired this Doctor Kerr and he waylaid me in Tucson; then both of them pop down here to nurse me. If I don't blow—one of 'em 'll get me, maybe both!"

"What you gonna do?"

"Do?—I'll show you. Get your car right down here—quick—quick—"

"Wait a minit—I gotta idear—"

"Your car!" Derek screamed.

"O. K.—I get it." Hymie started to run.

Five minutes later his Lantria purred softly in the drive beside Derek's bungalow. A curtain fell at the window, the door opened and slammed and Derek and a woman in nurse's cap and white ran across the lawn carrying bags.

Hymie clawed the wind cover from the tonneau. They dumped the bags in and leaped in after them.

"Tucson," Derek yelled, and the car sang out of the gates of the Rancho Repos with George at the wheel, his cap pulled tight over his ears.

Suddenly Hymie turned around.

"Wait—it's a plot—the two wives sending you here—you think you're sick—you ain't—but you believe it—you got it? They come to nurse you—don't talk—if I could get a pay-off I got something. You seen Monte Carlo—a semi-musical—you got it? You know that song Mannie Kotzbaum's been pounding to Sam, If I Can't Get My Man—you know Gray Clouds—Good-by, that Sol Kirsch tried to get into Warm Babies—say—don't say a thing—I've got something!"

Two hours later Hymie had long distance from the Santa Rita.

"—and the pay-off, Vic—get the pay-off: It's a musical, you see—we got the music; all you need is a master scene outline with dialogue— Get somebody snappy for the dialogue with plenty of cracks—hire somebody, see—and get the pay-off now: To get away from the two wives—he married his nurse! Is Lubitsch a great director? Yeah—but he ain't got the breaks like me. Get goin' and call yourself a scenario department." Hymie hung up and ran out of the lobby. Two people sat in the tonneau of the red Superba.

"Now listen, you love birds—no honeymoon till after the opera is finished—Get goin'."

Mr. and the latest Mrs. Derek Vane smiled at him and snuggled back behind the hired chauffeur.

"Right through to Hollywood—you."

"Yes, sir."

"And don't you get sick on the way again."

Derek grinned. "Not me."

"I won't let him, Mr. Feineman." Ruth smiled.

HYMIE jumped into his Lantria behind and both cars started off.

"George," Hymie said to his chauffeur, "don't lose sight of that car till it pulls into the studio gates."

"No, Mr. Feineman."

And a few minutes later:

"George—am I a great director, nu?"

George looked at him.

"Yes, Mr. Feineman."

"You got it," said Hymie. "Griffith, Capra, Ford, Lubitsch—all them is all right but they ain't got the breaks."

"No, Mr. Feineman."

"But me—I got the breaks."

"Yes, Mr. Feineman."

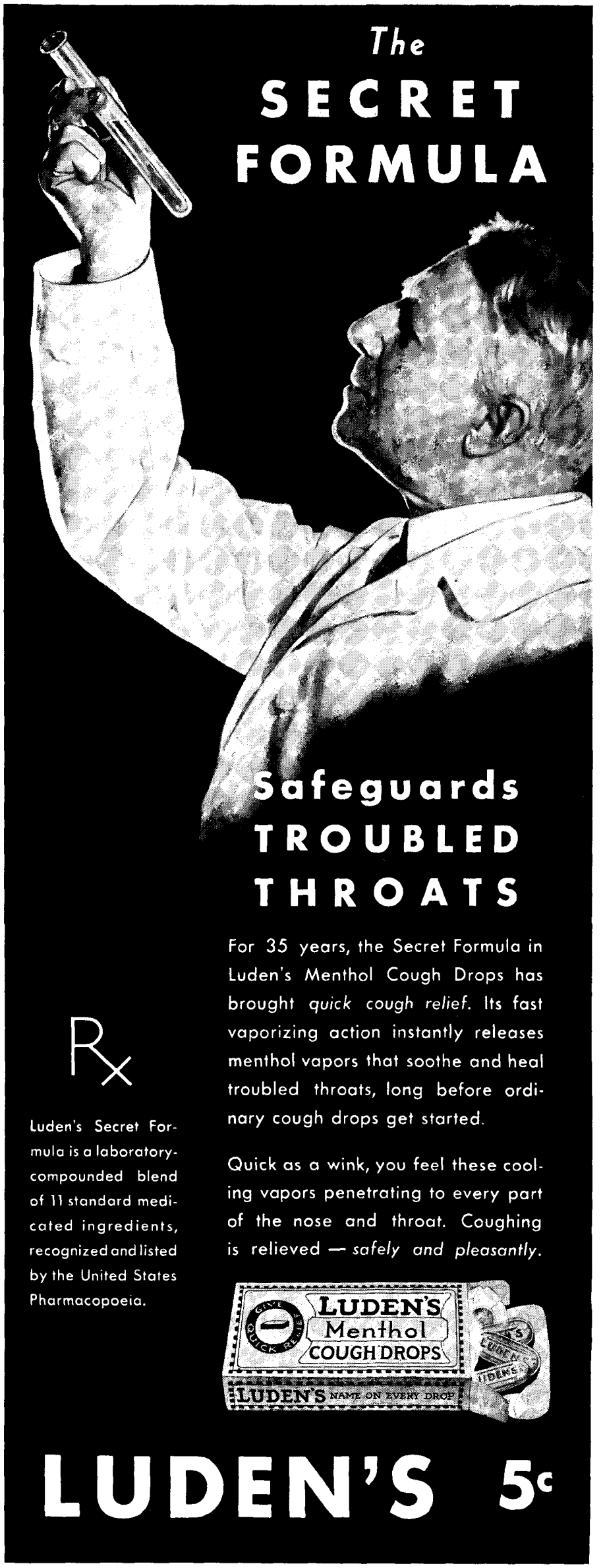
"You know it—" said Hymie. "And the title—well—we give the steno's fifty smackers for the best suggestion. Is that genius? Is Shakespeare such a much when it comes by me for a writer, too?"

"Not him, Mr. Feineman."

"You got it," said Hymie. "You know you got it, nu?"

"She's divorcing me—she don't like my cooking"

Lawrence La Riar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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

The Law that Went Wrong

A GREAT railroad needed steel for an important new enterprise. The managers were authorized to spend as much as four million dollars for the steel. Bids were solicited and the lowest bidder offered to supply the steel for less than three millions.

Did he get the order? Only a part of it. The railroad informed the other bidders that all could share in the order at the price set by the lowest bidder.

Three companies, accordingly, undertook to supply steel at a price so low that all lost money. Here was free competition in action.

Did it benefit anyone? Certainly not the workers in the steel mills. Decent wages can't be paid on unprofitable orders. Certainly not the stockholders of the companies, many of whom were employees. They lost. Certainly not the government, which collects taxes on profits, not losses. Certainly not the railroad, which depends for its business upon prosperous industrial enterprises.

Why do men offer to sell goods for less than the costs of production? Because somebody else, some rival, is willing to take a loss in order to get business. Because, in a word, of competition, once merrily described as the life of trade.

In a sane world men making steel or raising apples or cotton would get together and find out the least actual costs of producing what they have to sell. The prices at which they offered their goods would be something more than the costs. They would not deliberately earn deficits or arrange for their own destruction.

Why don't Americans get together and form rational agreements concerning prices and other matters of common interest? The answer is simple and familiar. The Sherman anti-trust law won't let them. The anti-trust act has teeth. It provides prison sentences for gentlemen who fix prices or otherwise restrain trade.

Long ago organized workers saw the folly of unregulated competition. Leaders of the American Federation of Labor have sought the repeal of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Their interest is plain. Unprofitable businesses don't pay decent wages. They can't.

Look at the coal mines or the oil wells. With unrestrained production oil got as low as ten cents a barrel. The price was ruinous. Only when Governor Murray sent troops to shut down Oklahoma wells, and other states coöperated, did prices begin to rise toward profitable levels.

The oil producers themselves did not dare to make restrictive agreements. Oil men prefer not to visit Uncle Sam's jails.

A statute more futile than the Sherman anti-trust law has seldom been enacted by any Congress. Forty-two years ago it was put on the law books, a sop to the rising Populist vote. It is as obsolete as the high-wheeled bicycle produced by the same era.

In 1890, when the law was made, the idea was to keep the railroads from combining. The Sherman Act was supposed to turn the trick. Now, despite the anti-trust law, the government and necessity are compelling the railroads to merge.

Competition unregulated is an engine of destruction in this modern world. It is absurd to imagine that we can go forward by refusing to coöperate or to plan common action. Instead of forbidding coöperation, the government should require it in the public interest.

Of course it is impossible now to wipe the slate clean and to write down nothing in place of the anti-trust laws. The public must be protected against any abuses which might be attempted if complete liberty of action were suddenly allowed.

Price fixing must be in the public interest and excesses must be prevented. England, which has no anti-trust law, has had no difficulty in doing this.

It should not be difficult to arrange in this country. Already we have an immense body of law going back centuries which clearly distinguishes between fair and unfair practices.

Governmental tribunals should be set up to defend the public interest. It might be possible to establish a branch of the Supreme Court as a high court of industry. The Commerce Court of two decades ago was such an institution, although it was abandoned because of congressional irritation with some of its decisions.

The Federal Trade Commission might also be reorganized and equipped for such service.

Most of all, trade associations subject to the supervision of the government will carry the burden. In such a grouping the small organization and the newcomer will get a protection and an opportunity unattainable now.

The Sherman law is a two-edged weapon. It forbids men to combine for unfair ends and it also prevents the responsible heads of finance and industry from working together for the common good. It makes large-scale economic planning illegal and impossible without nullification of the law.

The anti-trust law must and will be repealed because it no longer serves the public interest. Business anarchy, which is the full flower of unregulated competition, is as intolerable as anarchy in political government. In this modern world we must organize if we are to eat and live.

The American Bar Association, representing the public interest and speaking for the best professional opinion, can render a great national service by preparing well in advance of the meeting of the new Congress the draft of a bill to abolish the Sherman anti-trust law and to substitute for it a measure suitable to the needs of 1932 and the years ahead.

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Ethyl makes Gasoline Perform *Smoothly*

NOTICE the pace of a circus ring horse. A dancer may balance on his broad back, or a clown may somersault over his tail, yet that smooth, even canter never varies. He is trained, as Ethyl Gasoline is trained, to keep an *even* pace.

Look at the pictures below. At the left you see *why* gasoline needs control. You see the uneven explosion that causes harmful knock, overheating, and loss of power. At the right you see the smooth, even power that Ethyl gives.

Whatever strain you put your car to, Ethyl Gasoline brings out its best performance—every minute that you drive.

The high compression motors, now offered by nearly every car manufacturer, as either standard or optional equipment *require* Ethyl. Older cars thank you even *more* for Ethyl's greater power. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

WITH ETHYL — ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK, U.S.A. — Controls Combustion

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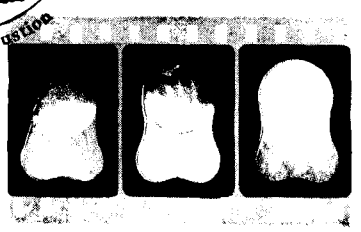
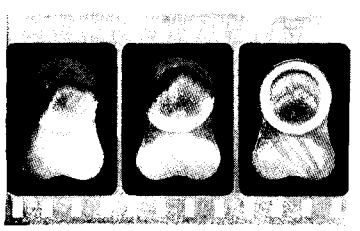


Pictures of what happens inside a modern engine prove that ordinary gasoline burns *unevenly*—incompletely. LEFT: Notice the sudden leap of flame in the middle picture. This is the cause of wasteful, harmful knock. The yellow color is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. Engineers call it "carbon yellow."



Notice the *even* burning, the cleaner (economical) burning of Ethyl Gasoline in pictures at the left. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow"—the freedom from harmful knock. Ethyl Gasoline is still burning in the last picture. It delivers its greatest power at the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

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THE FLOUR QUESTION SETTLED

"Because Pillsbury's Best"

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Remember, flour is by far the cheapest food you can buy. It's wiser to do your economizing on more expensive things, where the saving really amounts to something—and where you don't take such a chance of real loss in the long run.

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